FEBRUARY, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Literary Optimism.

At a recent company of authors two optimistic speeches were made on the subject of American literature. One was to the effect that we ought to try and think of that literature as a beautiful germ, exiguous at the moment, perhaps, but sure to come to something some time. It is remarkable, he thought, that we have done as well as we have, being so young a people and so busy all along with other matters. Let us rejoice and let us praise any kind of an American author as a leaf in the bud, and let us pledge everybody in a right gude willie waught, and so encourage our literature. It was one of those speeches which fill the breast with an almost idiotic happiness. The other speech ran on the loveliness of mutual affection among American authors to-day in contrast with the cruel old times, when critics clawed and poets spat, those awful hurly-burly times, so bad alike for nerves and royalties. For his part, he believed in every one and wanted to help every one, and he thought authors ought to stand by one another, God bless 'em, shoulder to shoulder, with a "Yo-ho! lend a hand, my hearties." This gives no fair idea of it, but the man whose heart would not have almost burst with brotherliness lacks all natural tenderness. It was a pretty scene when authors came together nowadays—not a feeling in the whole place wounded, where once was all scuffling and oaths; and, as the speaker went on to say, it was due in the main to abstaining from all personalities and to the growing sense of fellowship, one in all and all in one, love abounding and abiding—skins may differ, but affection is in white and black the same.

They are noble fellows—we are all noble fellows (and give us a hand o' thine)—and there is no reason for concealing the sentiment (Douglas, Douglas, tender and true), but it is not safe for any class of men, and least of all for authors, to carry the thing very far. There is a literary saccharisation that sets in during middle age which is worse for a man than necrosis, and an author who has turned forty with a certain degree of success is in very grave danger of it. Praise plays the same part among authors as drink among the work-

MRS. ATWOOD R. MARTIN. THE AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU: HER BOOK."

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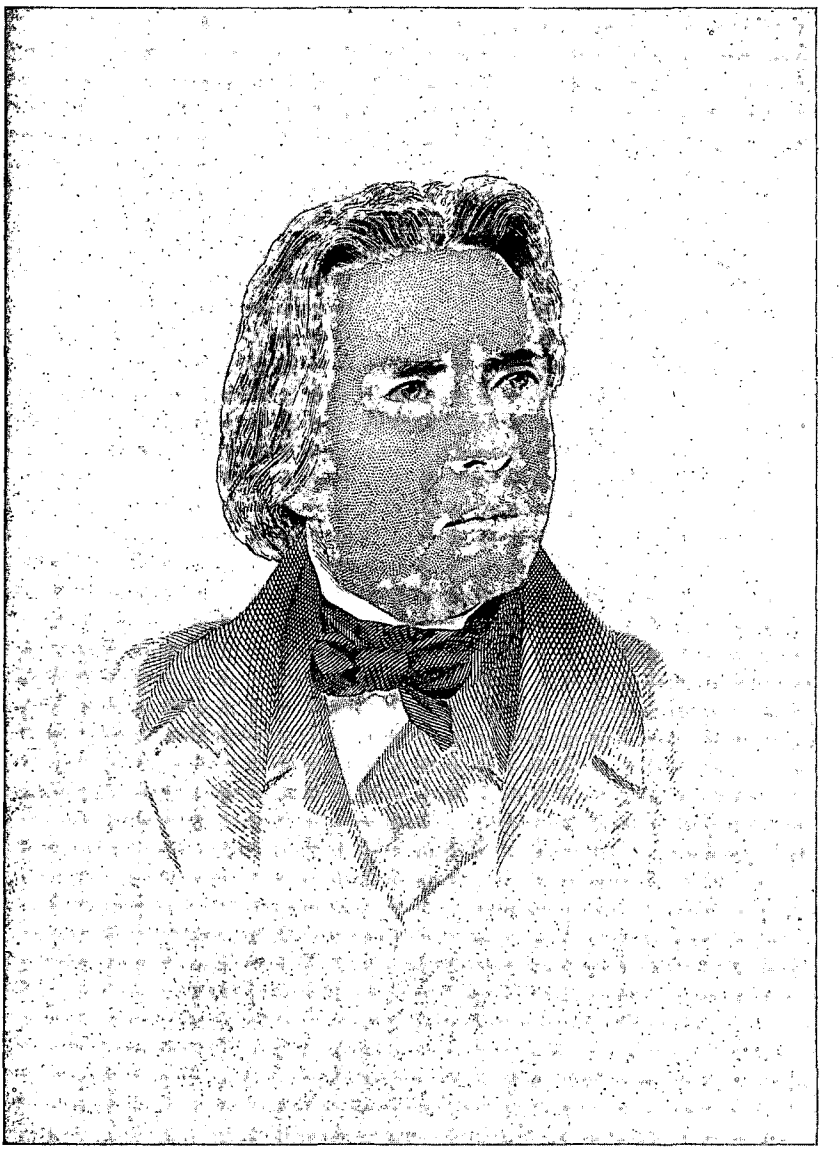
ing classes, and the people who give it so recklessly are no friends of theirs. Even a pleasant word is sometimes dangerous, and may work like a slow poison in a soft, imaginative nature. The best thing for American authors is to throw stones and keep them moving. There have been too many instances of arrested development, of young writers who never grew up, of spoiled authors useless for literary purposes as overfed pugs; and those two cheerful speakers, if they had their way, would take off the edge of environment and make matters worse. The substance of what they say is: Whoso lays hand upon an author, save in the way of kindness, is a villain; whereas every one who has had anything to do with the care and feeding of authors knows that rougher usage and a leaner diet are what they most need to-day. Content with what has been done already



DOUGLAS JERROLD, WHOSE CENTENARY WAS CELEBRATED ON JANUARY 3D.

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is the worst thing for American letters, and the habit of seeing rainbows is equally bad; and it is time we stopped apologising on the score of youth, being, after all, at a reasonable distance from Adam, if not from the Declaration of Independence. There should be more conscience in these things. We refer, of course, to American literature and not to popular sports like baseball, or the American drama, or the six best selling books, where nothing you say makes any difference.

One cannot be too careful in dealing with the literary temperament. If he is a young man of promise, call him a bare possibility. Be civil, but never kind. Last year at one of the literary agapæ a young lady read a poem. It was one of

G. K. CHESTERTON, THE CRITIC WHO HAS WON SUCH A BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN ENGLAND DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS. (See article, page 595.)

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those poems which young ladies are always writing, full of a purple agony and a mauve regret, rich in allusions to a dark experience that you know they have never had. The soul, as revealed, was just what it should be, complicated and handsomely trimmed, but not differing in essentials from a dozen other young ladies' souls we have seen in the magazines. Appreciation went beyond even what is customary among members. One man who was sitting on a sofa fell over on it flat, and with his face buried in the cushion exclaimed: "Jove, how it cuts!" This seems no more than right to people with the temperament, but the point we make is that they ought not to have it. Of course, they will wring it out of you if they can, but considering what goes on inside, we outsiders are far too complaisant. Be even less than truthful; it is safer to run them down.

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The literary deaths of 1902:

Émile Zola.
Bret Harte.
Frank R. Stockton.
Jean de Bloch.
Frank Norris.
George Douglas Brown.
"Henri Greville."
E. L. Godkin.
Xavier de Montépin.
Philip James Bailey.
Samuel Rawson Gardiner.
Lord Acton.
Aurélien Scholl.
Eugene Muntz.
Paul Leicester Ford.
Mrs. Alexander.
George Henty.
Thomas Dunn English.
William Allen Butler.
Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

JOSEPH ALTSHELER.

While the greatest name in the above list is undoubtedly that of Émile Zola, no country has suffered greater losses during 1902 than our own.

❧

Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler's new novel, which is to be published in the spring, deals with the Civil War, a subject on which the author has already written with considerable success in his novel *In Circling Camps.* The new book is to be entitled *Before the Dawn: A Story of the Fall of Richmond.* It is in many ways the largest work that Mr. Altsheler has yet attempted, and deals chiefly with social life in Richmond during the last days of the Confederacy, a part of the Civil War that novel writers have hitherto left untouched.

❧

A Century of French Romance.

A literary enterprise of considerable magnitude, which Mr. Gosse is directing, is *A Century of French Romance,* a series of twenty representative French novels, ranging from Balzac and Stendhal down to Loti and Zola. The volumes have been appearing at intervals in England during the past year, but the American edition is only now completed, and will shortly be issued by the Messrs. Appleton as a subscription work, richly illustrated with plates coloured by hand, and ranging in price from eighty dollars to one thousand dollars per set. The selection of the best twenty novels from a century of any nation's literature is not only a bold undertaking but a rather thankless one, for the world is full of self-

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complacent people who are quite sure that they could have made a far better selection if the editors had only had the wisdom and discretion to consult them—and who proceed to revise the list, precisely as we are going to do now. Here it is:

Mauprat. By George Sand.
Mlle. de la Seglière. By Jules Sandeau.
The Romance of a Poor Young Man. By Octave Feuillet.
The Lady of the Camelias. By Dumas *fils.*
Captain Fracasse. By Théophile Gautier.
Samuel Brohl and Company. By Victor Cherbuliez.
Memoirs of Two Young Married Women. By Honoré de Balzac.
Renée Mauperin. By the Brothers Goncourt.
Pierre and Jean. By Guy de Maupassant.
Madame Bovary. By Gustave Flaubert.
An Iceland Fisherman. By Pierre Loti.
The Abbé Constantin, } By Ludovic
Marriage for Love, } Halévy.
Notre Dame de Paris. By Victor Hugo.
The Black Tulip. By Dumas, *père.*
The Chartreuse de Parme. By Stendhal.
Colomba, } By Prosper Mérimée.
Carmen, }
The King of the Mountains. By Edmond About.
The Nabob. By Alphonse Daudet.
The Downfall. By Émile Zola.
The Brigadier Frederick, } By Erckmann-
The Dean's Watch, } Chatrian.

Seriously speaking, this list impresses us as offering little opportunity for criticism. Fully one-half of the selections form their own justification. The claims of Sandeau, Feuillet, Dumas *fils,* Cherbuliez, Mérimée, Flaubert, Loti, Stendhal and Zola to be included in the series cannot reasonably be disputed, and in each case the novel chosen is the one obvious choice. In the case of several authors the really representative work is of a character not adapted to Anglo-Saxon taste. Otherwise, one would wish to see Gautier represented by *Mlle. de Maupin,* the Goncourts by *Germinie Lacerteux,* Maupassant by *Bel Ami* or *Une Vie,* and Daudet by *Sapho,* but in default of these, the choice has fallen upon the next best. It is probable that practical considerations of bulk necessitated the choice of Hugo's *Notre Dame* rather than of *Les Misérables,* and the same reason barred out Dumas's *Monte Cristo;* although why the second choice should have fallen upon *The Black Tulip,* in many ways the least representative volume out of the many hundreds that bear his name, is one of those conundrums which the editors probably could not answer if they would. George Sand's *Mauprat,* although unexpected, need not be quarrelled with. It affords a convenient compromise between the riotous romanticism of *Consuelo* on the one hand and the pseudo-simplicity of *La Petite Fadette,* on the other. The one really inexplicable selection, however, is *Les Mémoires de Deux Jeunes Femmes Mariées* of Balzac. With the whole of the Comédie Humaine to choose from, it is difficult to understand how this particular volume could have been hit upon, even if the editor had blindfolded himself and snatched at random. There are so many others whose selection would have passed unchallenged—*Eugénie Grandet,* for example, or *César Birotteau,* or even *La Peau de Chagrin,* over which Gautier once grew enthusiastic because it contained "one of the greatest pieces of audacity that an author ever permitted himself, and one which alone would have been sufficient to immortalise Balzac."

There remain only three names to discuss—or rather four, to be quite accurate: Ludovic Halévy, Edmond About and the life-long collaborators Erck-

HENRI BEYLE (STENDHAL). CARICATURE BY HENRI MONNIER.

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mann-Chatrian—and frankly, we do not see exactly what any one of them is doing in a series like the present. The *Abbé Constantin,* to be sure, is in the nature of a classic; but it stands for nothing definite in the development of French fiction; and Professor Robert Herrick, who contributes the critical paper upon Halévy, recognises that the latter was "first and always a man of the theatre," and that even the longest story he ever wrote, *Criquette,* "could scarcely be called a novel." If About and Erckmann-Chatrian must be included, of course the volumes selected are well enough. But there are so many others whose claims seem to be superior. Among the living, Bourget, at least, is a rather odd omission. One need not hold an exalted opinion of the author of *Mensonges* in order to recognise that he was the leader of the psychological movement that has materially influenced the fiction of this generation. And of older writers there are at least three whose absence strikes one as a little odd—Murger, whose *Vie de Bohême* is the apotheosis of the Quartier Latin, Eugène Sue, whose two greatest novels, *Le Juif Errant* and *Les Mystères de Paris,* placed their author for a time beside Balzac and Dumas in the public estimation; and Paul de Kock, who for a generation enjoyed a popularity in the true sense of the word—a popularity never surpassed by any French author, and of whom Gautier once wrote that his novels affected him like Fenimore Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans:* "We seem to read in them

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

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the history of the last of the Parisians before they were overrun and submerged by *American* civilisation."

Two commendable features of this *Century of French Fiction* are the critical introductions to each volume contributed by various well-known writers, and brief monographs upon the known portraits and caricatures of each author, written by Octave Uzanne. It is interesting, for instance, to learn that Maupassant throughout his life objected to sitting for his portrait, that he never but once submitted to the ordeal, and that even photographs of him are few and for the most part unsatisfactory. M. Uzanne, however, errs in his statement that the author of *Une Vie* never tempted the skill of a caricaturist. At least one caricature exists, in the familiar *Hommes d'Aujourd'hui* series, and it is here reproduced.

The Style of Gustave Flaubert.

Perhaps in the fiction of the nineteenth century there was no one passage which made a greater stir, or has been more often quoted as a marvellous example of style, than that in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* where the priest administered the extreme unction to the dying Emma. This was one of the passages on which especial stress was laid during the famous trial which served to advertise the book from one end of Europe to the other. A writer in the *Revue Bleue*, who has had access to Flaubert's unpublished papers, discusses this passage at length in one of two articles on "The Labour of Style in Gustave Flaubert." According to this writer, the original draft was a very different thing from the passage as it appears to-day. In fact, it was only after five rewritings that Flaubert found the permanent and definite form. The first draft read as follows:

A CURIOUS CARICATURE BY VICTOR HUGO. GOULATROMBA.

C'est un homme fort doux et de vie élégante
Un seigneur dont jamais
Un juron ne tomba
Et mon ami de cœur, nommé Goulatromba.
—*Ruy Blas.*

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The priest said the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam,* and, extending his right hand, pronounced the unctions for the redemption of her sins, touching the different parts of the body with the end of his right thumb, which he dipped each time in the oil which he carried in a silver vessel. He touched the eyes, then the eyelids—shutting them—then the nostrils, then the lips, then the hands.

It will be seen that in this first draft, Flaubert merely outlined the general idea. He indicated the five senses, but he had not yet found the figures of speech with which to illuminate them.

This is the second draft:

The priest recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam,* and after the words of absolution, dipping his right thumb in the sanctified oil, he began the unctions, to efface from all the members the stains of sin. With his index finger he closed the eyelids, and touched first those eyes that . . . the nostrils, that had so delighted in delicate odours, . . . the lips (words and gluttonies . . .), the fingers that had been passed through the hair of her lovers and that had delighted in all fleshly contact.

This is very little changed from the first draft. But it will be seen that Flaubert was beginning to organise the thoughts that he was to develop for the nostrils, the eyes, the lips, and the fingers. In the third draft he has some figure of speech to accompany allusions to each of the five senses. Still this third draft, as will be seen, is very different from the final text. It is as follows:

He pronounced the unctions that were to efface from all the members of the body the stains of sin: first on the eyes, her long eyes in other days so full of flame, when they had (desired) coveted all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which formerly loved to dilate to scent warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had lisped tendernesses (delighting in delicate lies), that had opened for falsehood and the cries of luxury; then on the hands, with tapering fingers, of which the soft skin shivered at every contact, and which soon would no longer feel even the tickling of the worms of the tomb.

The fourth version represents the passage completely built up. Flaubert had been adding bit by bit until in this fourth draft he had said everything that he thought possible to say. That much done, Flaubert began the work of lopping away whatever he deemed useless. The fourth draft is as follows:

Then he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam, and pronounced in a high voice some words of absolution,* and dipping his thumb in the *sanctified* oil, he began the unctions: first on the eyes, that had so much *desired* all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which *formerly* had delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride and cried out in debauchery; then on the hands, *of which the supple skin . . . formerly had found pleasure* in tender touching, *and would soon no longer feel the tickling of the worms of the tomb;* then on the feet, *which had carried her to her assignations and tramped the street pavement,* and which would never walk again.

The italics above mark those words or ideas which Flaubert thought best to suppress or to change in the final version, which is as follows:

The priest recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam,* dipped his right thumb in the oil and began the unctions; first on the eyes, which had so eagerly coveted all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride, and cried out in debauchery; then on the hands, which had delighted in tender touching; and lastly on the soles of the feet, once so nimble, when they ran to the satisfaction of their desires, and which would never walk again.

Even in its translated form one cannot fail to see the vast superiority of this last and final version. Desired (*envié*) the pomps of the world was a weak word. Coveted (*convoité*) is stronger, more exact. Flaubert sacrificed the "supple skin," and in place of "found pleasure" (*se plaisaient*) in tender touching, he used the stronger word "delighted" (*se délectaient*). He renounced in the end also the ridiculous idea of the tickling of the worms of the tomb; and, with a single phrase—"so rapid formerly when

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she ran to the satisfaction of her desires" —he replaced the rather stupid "which had carried her to her assignations and tramped the street pavement."

A New Russian Writer.

While Jack London has been industriously putting the Alaskan Indian into fiction, a new and interesting Russian writer has been performing a similar service for the natives on the Siberian side of Behrings Straits. This new author, whose pseudonym of "Tan" has recently become a familiar feature in the leading Russian magazines, is in private life Vlademar Bogoras, an ethnologist who has been doing important work for the past three years as a member of the Jessup expedition to Siberia, and is now intrusted with the task of arranging the material collected at the American Museum of Natural History. The manner in which M. Bogoras's attention was first turned to his new field is worth relating. There are here and there in real life men of the Edmund Dantes type, who refuse to acknowledge defeat, even when buried alive in a subterranean donjon. "Tan" is a man of this type. Fifteen years ago he was arrested for connection with a nihilistic movement, condemned and imprisoned in the famous fortress of Peter and Paul, where he remained for three years. Determining to keep his thoughts healthily occupied, he set himself the task of learning English, and he did it in as roundabout and *bizarre* a fashion as was ever followed by an ardent student of languages. His jailor allowed him to keep his one English book, a Shakespeare, of which he knew not a single word. His neighbour in the adjoining cell, knowing no English and caring nothing for it, out of pure good nature took the trouble to obtain a French-English dictionary. And for three years Bogoras pursued his studies, painfully rapping out the letters of each unknown English word on his wall in the secret telegraph code of Russian prisoners, and receiving the interpretation by the same means. Later, when he exchanged his prison for exile to the extreme eastern limits of Siberia, Bogoras cast around for some fresh field of mental activity, and he found it, a new and untilled field, in the language and history and mode of life of the natives about him. Before his ten years' term had expired his ethnological researches had already established a reputation for him, and upon his return to St. Petersburg the government named him as one of its two representatives to accompany the Jessup expedition.

It is as a novelist, however, rather than as a student of anthropology, that "Tan" will appeal to the world at large. In the course of time his work will undoubtedly be translated, although much of it is so essentially Russian, so impregnated with the realism of Chukov and the younger school, that it fails to satisfy the normal Anglo-Saxon demand for a story. One of his sketches which has been highly praised is a hospital scene—the death-bed of a young woman fading slowly away from poverty and neglect.

The details are of photographic accuracy—the atmosphere of a hospital so faithfully rendered that for hours afterward one cannot shake off the sense of haunting oppression or rid one's lungs of the fumes of chloroform and antiseptics. But of story there is scarcely a vestige. "Tan's" best work so far is undoubtedly his Siberian sketches, and they have to an uncommon degree this same convincing atmosphere, this trick of making you share the very life of his characters, and see and hear and smell all the sordid details that make up their daily struggle for existence. His most ambitious work is the long novel on which he is now engaged, a story of Siberian life three thousand years ago. There is something paradoxical in a work of this type from the pen of a confirmed realist, but the temptation obviously lay in the opportunity it afforded to utilise his fund of ethnological knowledge. It is said that the book will appear simultaneously in Russian and in English, and will be entitled *The Eight Tribes.*

Jane Austen.

The fashion of naming new editions of standard authors after their birthplace or favourite residence seems to be on the increase. We have had a Dryburgh Scott, a Gadshill Dickens, a Haworth Brontë, a Warwick George Eliot, and there is no

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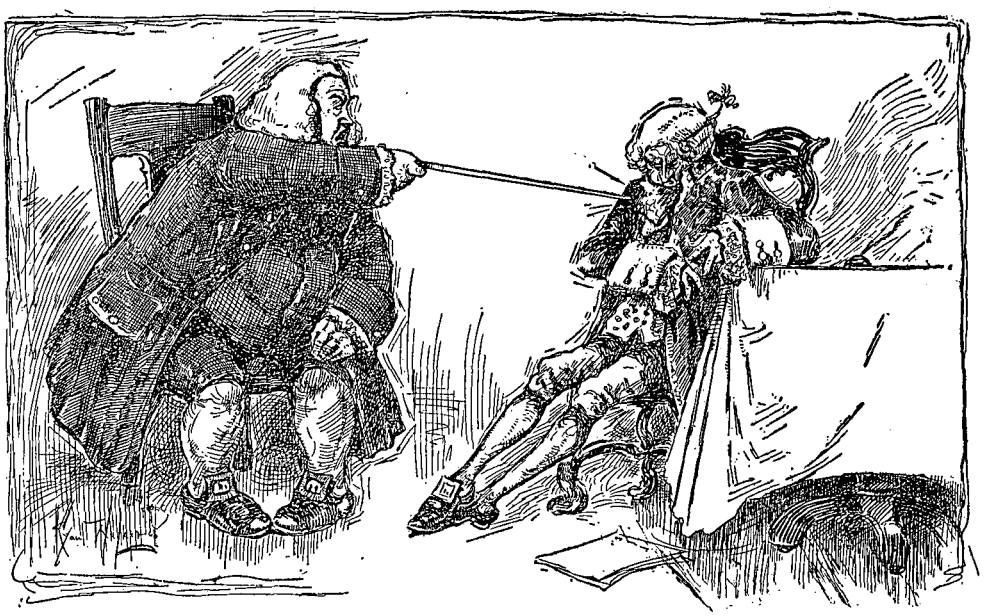
knowing what day may bring forth an Edinburgh Susan Ferrier and an Edgeworthtown Maria Edgeworth. The latest instance is a Hampshire edition of Jane Austen, in five neat, but rather portly, little volumes. There was a time, not so many years ago, when there was a positive dearth of editions of Jane Austen, and one was fain to fall back upon the Seaside and Franklin Square Libraries, which for reading purposes were about as cumbersome and comfortless as a doormat. Recently, however, both



Doctor Sam Johnson: "Rascally Mr. Boswell, awake, sir! I tell you, sir, if Mr. Edison had only lived in my day and generation I would have had no trouble in getting my conversation phonographed!"

library and pocket editions have multiplied until a new one simply complicates the difficulty of choice. In some ways, the twelve-volume set, published by Roberts Brothers about ten years ago, possesses some distinct advantages. The volumes are somewhat larger than the well-known Dent edition, and yet small enough to be held comfortably in one hand; and in addition to the six famous novels, the set includes *The Watsons* and the fragmentary *Lady Susan,* and a collection of the entertaining Letters. The Hampshire Edition is less pretentious, yet it offers some distinct attractions. It provides a convenient single-volume edition of *Emma* and the other longer novels, and it offers an entertaining novelty in the shape of unique end-papers, designed by Miss Blanche MacManus and consisting of old-fashioned maps illustrating the topographical details of each story. A careful examination of these maps leads to the conclusion that while the artist has done her work with conscientious care, she is not an enthusiastic devotee of the Austen cult. A study of the recently published volume, *Jane Austen, Her Homes and Her Friends,* in which the localities of the stories are carefully identified with the region actually in Miss Austen's mind as she wrote, would have been a substantial aid to making a map that would stand the test of investigation. We have been particularly interested in Miss MacManus's conception of the topography of Highbury and its environs, in *Emma.* The relative position of Hartfield House and Randall's and Donwell Abbey is not at all what we had mentally pictured it, but that is immaterial. The main street of Highbury is all right, with the Crown Inn on one side, where the memorable ball took place, and Mrs. Bates's house on the other, and Ford's shop a little further on, where Frank Churchill "took out his

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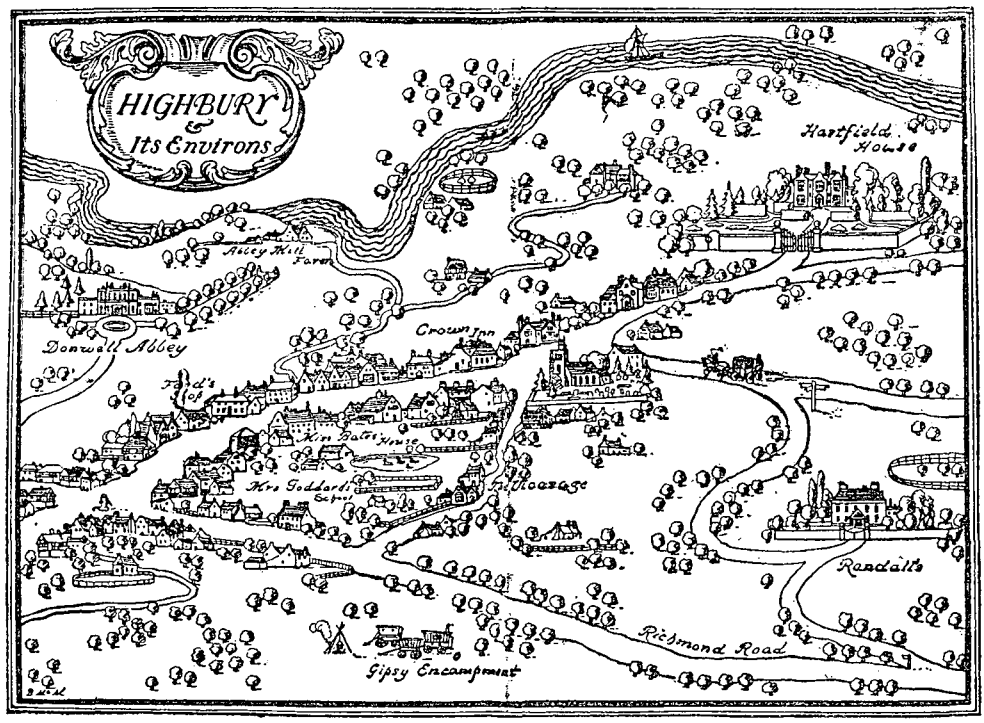
freedom" by buying a pair of "York Tans." But what really does trouble us is the position of the Richmond Road and the Gypsy encampment. It will be remembered that Frank Churchill, after rescuing Harriet from the gypsies, took her to Hartfield because she was suffering from a cramped foot and in a fainting condition and "he could think of no other place." According to Miss MacManus's map, the shortest road to Hartfield is a matter of several miles, and incidentally passes through the town of Highbury,



JANE AUSTEN'S HIGHBURY.—"EMMA."

where the girl's own home is. If he could think of no other place, under these circumstances, he must have been a singularly absent-minded young man. But perhaps there is some explanation which we have overlooked.

Mrs. Dudeney.

It is quite the fashion nowadays when a reviewer wishes to be especially gracious to a novelist of village life, to say that he or she has caught the Jane Austen manner. As a matter of fact, there is not one writer out of five hundred of whom this can be conscientiously said by a really discriminating critic. There are many authors who can picture what they see—who can give you a series of portraits taken from real life, as true, as individual, and incidentally as depressing, as the people you would really meet in buried-alive districts, whether in Hampshire or New England or Arizona. What they cannot get is the touch of indulgent humour, the intelligent sympathy, that help one to see some redeeming quality in the most tedious and dull-witted, and turn even their very dulness into a source of entertainment. There is, besides, a certain warm and homelike comfort, even if of a rather prosy sort, about Miss Austen's village life, and an old-fashioned fragrance about her flower-gardens and hedgerows that are rare in modern fiction. In fact, there is just one Englishwoman writing to-day who shows this quality to an appreciable degree, and that is Mrs. Henry Dudeney. This quality is

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not apparent in all her work; there is little, if anything, of it in *Harriott Wicken* or in *Men of Marlowe's*. You find it here and there scattered through *Folly Corner*, giving by contrast a tenser strain, an added turn of the screw to the central drama. In *Spindle and Plough* this quality is more accentuated. The book is imbued with a scent of newly turned earth, of field and farm and flower-garden—a sort of Georgic in prose, and an essentially English Georgic at that. But it is in her new story, *Robin Brilliant*, published in England last autumn and shortly to appear in this country, that Mrs. Dudeney has given herself a free hand. As a story, the book will appeal to a different class from that reached by her earlier works—to those who, like Fitzgerald, read a chapter of Jane Austen every night because she is "soothing, like gruel." The farmers and farmers' wives, the village gossips who congregate in the local thread and needle shop, the motley group of dull middle-class English men and women, innocently amusing, pathetically tedious, occupy Mrs. Dudeney's attention in the present volume, often at the expense of the central plot. And yet to those who have been carefully following the development of this keen-sighted author, the plot has a rather special significance.

The striking note in Mrs. Dudeney's books lies in her conception of the fundamental nature of woman, and consciously or unconsciously she has developed this conception in a series of stories that have a definite logical sequence. Woman's love, as she depicts it, is of a dual nature, a struggle between two opposing instincts, the instinct of sex and self-surrender on the one hand, the instinct of revolt against masculine domination on the other. In Pamela, of *Folly Corner*, she takes a case where the instinct of self-surrender is supreme, overpowering, driving the girl from home and comfort and loving care into exile and poverty and imminent disgrace. In Shalisha Pilgrim, of *Spindle and Plough*, she gives the opposite type—a woman whose spirit of revolt leads her to choose for years the isolation and loneliness of celibacy rather than heed the stifled voice of sex and nature. Robin Brilliant, the heroine of the new story, is a third type, one in whom the two instincts are at an equipoise. She probably represents a large proportion of average normal women, and this is the reason why to many readers the book will savour of the commonplace, the *déja connu*. Yet it is in a way the result of observation quite as subtle as any of her former work. Robin is one of those women who find a sort of sensuous pleasure in prolonging indefinitely the suspense of courtship. The ardour of unspoken devotion, the subtle caress of a glance, fill her with emotions which she is loath to end in the sober prose of self-surrender and marriage. And so she holds her lover off month after month, until the other woman comes and she loses her opportunity. Of the latter chapters of the story it is not easy to speak enthusiastically. There is a sense of strain about it, of unnatural effort, unexpected in Mrs. Dudeney's work. It will not convince those who read a story for the story's sake, nor is it of the sort that Fitzgerald would have found soothing. It would rather have proved perturbing to him—like Hugo and George Eliot and other strenuous novelists of his day.

Fitzgerald.

It seems inevitable to speak of Fitzgerald at a time when two collected editions of his works are appearing simultaneously. The pomp and vanity of limited editions and variorum texts seem curiously incongruous in the case of an author so simple and unassuming as Fitzgerald, so apologetic for his "small escapades in print." And yet it is only by the help of such a text and a careful study of his successive revisions that one can come to appreciate the minute and patient labour with which Fitzgerald accomplished what Edmund Gosse has defined as his "coral-building in literature." The first of the two new editions bears the stamp of authority, being edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright, Fitzgerald's literary executor, under whose care the original edition of collected works appeared in 1883. There will be seven volumes in all, uniform in style with the standard

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editions of Walter Pater and Charles Kingsley. The edition is strictly limited to seven hundred and fifty numbered sets, only one-third of which are reserved for America. The poet's correspondence, which has been published at intervals under the several titles, *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald, Letters of Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble* and *More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald,* are now for the first time included with his other works and rearranged in chronological sequence. The *Variorum and Definitive Edition,* to which Edmund Gosse contributes a sympathetic introduction, is a handsome quarto series issued under the supervision of Mr. George Bentham. It includes, besides his other writings, reprints of the complete text of the successive editions of the *Rubáiyát,* the *Salaman and Absál* and the *Euphranor.* The fourth volume, which has just appeared, contains his version of seven plays of Calderon, and the facsimile title-page of the original edition recalls the fact that this was the only work which the author had the courage to publish under his own name, an adverse and incompetent review in the *Athenæum* having quite snuffed out his smouldering ambition for literary fame. This is also a limited edition, consisting of 325 numbered sets.

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The Late Jessie Benton Frémont

In the death of Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont in December, at the age of seventy-eight, the country has lost a woman who, by virtue of the important part she played in days when history was being made and her prominence throughout a long career, came to be known among her admirers as "the first lady in the land." A Virginian by birth, endowed with uncommon beauty and wit, plunged at fourteen into the brilliant society which surrounded her famous father, Senator Benton, in Washington, she eloped at sixteen with John C. Frémont, and her subsequent life became a series of events such as have been experienced by no other American woman. As the wife of Frémont, widely known as the "Pathfinder," she made as well as shared his career. He explored, but she made his explorations possible. And if she was not actually the Pathfinder, she came very near being the general, the Governor of California, the first Senator from that State, and such other distinctions as her husband attained. Politics were as the very breath of her nostrils. That he did not attain the Presidency and make her literally the first lady in the land was not her fault. "Jessie" was the watchword of the Frémont Presidential campaign; and it was broadly whispered afterward that if the lovely Jessie had been the actual candidate, she, and not Buchanan, would have occupied the Presidential chair. As has been said of Madame Roland, she was "une femme qui était un grand homme." Yet she was woman enough to prefer to shine in the reflected light of her husband's achievements. It was her avowed creed that women should shine through, and not above, men, and her whole life was an evidence of this well-defined intention to be the power behind the throne. And having elected to reign, not rule, she queened it royally in whatever condition she found herself throughout a romantic career, which embraced such extremes as the perils and privations of the Western frontier and life at the courts of Europe.

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How General Frémont blazed a trail through the wilderness and helped to conquer California is a matter of history, but few know that his explorations for the government were due to her influence among the prominent men who formed her court in Washington. Determined that her husband should succeed in spite of the strong political opposition to his schemes, she swept every obstacle from his path, even to suppressing the orders recalling him after he had started on the expedition which proved the most important of all. At that time she was in St. Louis, whither she had accompanied her husband on his westward travels. Leaving her there in her father's home, he and his party journeyed into Kansas, where they had not been in camp but a few hours when a mounted messenger arrived bearing a note for Mrs. Frémont telling the "Pathfinder" to push on with all possible speed, and not ask the reason why. He obeyed, and thus she saved the expedition. For adverse influences in Washington had succeeded in having an order issued recalling him to the capi-

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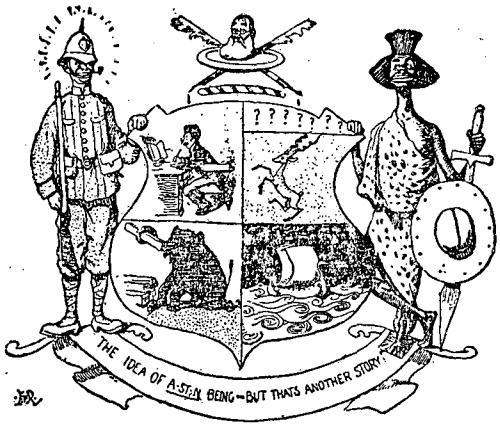
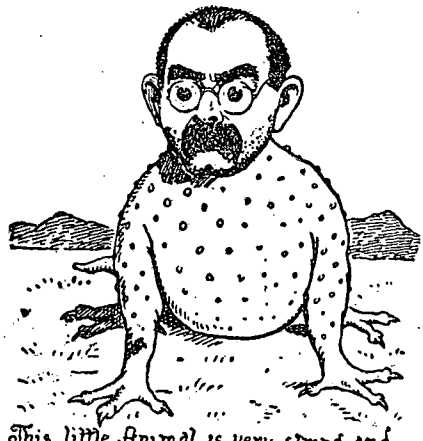


"PUNCH'S" DESIGN FOR A KIPLING COAT-OF-ARMS.

tal. Of this order, which arrived in St. Louis after his departure, he knew nothing until many months afterward. Mrs. Frémont having charge of his mail, opened and read it, and then ignored it so far as Washington was concerned until her returning messenger brought her the assurance that her husband had journeyed beyond the reach of the authorities. Then she informed the government that she had neither forwarded the order nor informed her husband of it, and that the expedition was well on its way. To defy official orders was a good deal of a responsibility for a girl of eighteen, but she did not hesitate to act for what she thought were the best interests of her husband and her country; and every American owes her a debt of gratitude for permitting nothing to interfere with plans which not only opened up the country but led to the possession of California, which territory she was later instrumental in bringing into the Union as a free State.

Of those exciting days in California Mrs. Frémont has told entertainingly in a little volume entitled *A Year of American Travel.* This was her first literary effort, but so great was its success that it was quickly followed by other reminiscences, among which are the books called *Souvenirs of My Time, Story of the Guard* and *A Sketch of Senator Frémont.* At the time of her death Mrs. Frémont had completed an elaborate piece of literary work on which she had been engaged for years—the reminiscences of her husband and her father, which will be her autobiography as well. For this she selected from a vast store a valuable set of photographs, and as she knew all the distinguished men and women of her country for a period covering seventy years, the book will prove a most interesting addition to biographical literature. The closing years of Mrs. Frémont's life were passed in a rose-embowered cottage, presented to her by the women of California. Forced to live in a wheel-chair during the last three years, she never gave the impression of invalidism, but received her world like an empress seated on a throne. Physically of large build, she retained her majestic mien and regal pose of head, while the beauty of her face was enhanced by the gracious smile with which she welcomed her visitors. To the most casual caller it was evident that this great lady kept her finger on the pulse of the world. National and international affairs were of the keenest interest to her, and no one was more thoroughly in touch with current events. An omnivorous reader, she devoured the papers and magazines, while books old and new were her delight. The person who brought her something to read was sure of an additional welcome. In the fashion of her younger days, she carried on a voluminous correspondence with persons of distinction the world over, one of the most valued of her correspondents being the Empress Eugenie, whose friendship

The Ruddikipple



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SOLDIERS THREE.

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she made during days when each in her way was a queen.

It seems a long time since we have had anything from George Moore in book form. *Sister Theresa* was the last, and that appeared in the summer of 1901. The new book by him which is to be published early this month is to be called *The Untilled Field*. It will contain the work which its author has done since he began to make a special study of Celtic life, and to show such enthusiasm in the Irish language.

A New Book from Albert Vandam.

The announcement is made that Mr. Albert Vandam has in the press a new volume entitled *Men and Manners of the Third Republic* and that it is to appear in England some time this month. The announcement somehow does not impress us very deeply. Mr. Vandam's *My Paris Note-Book* was a disappointing volume, and we can expect little more from the forthcoming book. As a chronicler of events with which he has had some real acquaintance, Mr. Vandam is far from being the most interesting of scribes. It was in his "literary fake" *An Englishman in Paris* that he reached heights as an entertainer which he will probably never reach again. Of course in writing about events which happened years before he was born, he was not trammelled by mere facts, and that may account for much. At any rate, we have given up hoping for anything so amusing as his "personal reminiscences" of the elder Dumas, Balzac, Eugène Sue, Béranger, and other great men of the reign of Louis Philippe.

THE LATE JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

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Kingsgate Street, Holborn, London, is now closed to traffic and the old buildings are being demolished. It was in Kingsgate Street that Mrs. Gamp lived, and there she received a historic visit from Mr. Pecksniff. Mrs. Gamp lodged at a bird-fancier's next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cats'-meat warehouse. There was a cats'-meat warehouse in the street till recently, though neither the bird-fancier's nor the mutton-pie establishment could be found.

HOME OF THE LATE JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT. PRESENTED TO HER BY THE WOMEN OF CALIFORNIA.

Harriet Martineau. Born 1802.

It was only a few months ago that we were recalling here the unhappy story of Letitia E. Landon ("L. E. L.") and commenting on the fact that nobody seemed to pay any attention to her centenary. Another centenary that was ignored last year, except for some casual comment in the English literary papers, was that of Harriet Martineau, who was born June 12th, 1802, just two months before Miss Landon. This neglect is the more curious because Miss Martineau was at one time a person very much considered in the United States. She came to this country in 1834, after having won a good deal of a literary reputation in England, and during the next two years made an almost triumphal tour of the whole country. She passed an entire winter in Washington, where every member of importance in the Senate or the House regularly visited her parlours. Clay, Calhoun, Channing and Emerson were among her American friends. The result of this visit was her two books, *Society in America* and *Retrospect of Western Travel,* which Americans found in pleasant contrast to Mrs. Trollope's caustic criticisms which had appeared a few years before, and which had stung the whole country to anger. Miss Martineau was one of the most prolific of authors. She died in the summer of 1876. From what her contemporaries have said of her personal appearance, the accompanying portrait, which is by Maclise, must be considered highly flattering. William Maginn, the truculent Fraserian whose name had been connected with that of Miss Landon to the destruction of that unfortunate lady's reputation, ungallantly hinted that no one who inspected Miss Martineau's portrait would wonder at her celibate proclivities, or would be likely to attempt the seduction of the "fair philosopher" from her doctrines on the population question. Thomas Moore addressed her in a parody: "Come live with me and be my Blue."

Thackeray in the United States, is the title of a work by General James Grant

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Wilson, now in preparation, to be issued in the course of a few months. This *édition de luxe* will contain about one hundred illustrations, including about fifteen full-page Thackeray portraits by D'Orsay, Doyle, Leech, Maclise and others, also facsimile letters containing delightful pen-and-ink drawings by Doyle and Thackeray. A large proportion of these American letters, as well as the illustrations, will appear in General Wilson's two volumes for the first time. Any Thackerayans possessing drawings by the great author, who are desirous of contributing to the illustration of this work, will please communicate with the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

"Hidden Manna."

When Mr. A. J. Dawson's book, *The African Nights,* appeared two years ago, we did all that we could to get the public to read it; for it was not as other "books of the day." The stories in it were saturated with the true colour of Mohammedan Africa—not merely tinted with it in an amateurish way as are Sir Gilbert Parker's tales in *Donovan Pasha.* Mr. Dawson's ex-

AUTHOR OF "ROMANCE AND REALITY"

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traordinary revelations of the lawless life which Europeans live in Morocco and down the Gold Coast were vivid, fierce, and often brutal; but you felt their truth. The hot sun of the South blazed through them, and the trail of strange passions was woven into them. They startled and they fascinated, even if at times they repelled. One of the longest of them was entitled "The Annals of a Saintly House." It was the curious story of a Moorish shareef who marries an Englishwoman whose earlier life contained a secret. In reality, only the beginning of the story was written by Mr. Dawson then; yet its bizarre blending of English conventionality, French opportunity and Oriental mystery was unique. One got a series of immensely picturesque impressions of London, Trouville and Tangier all flashed before the mind, and the end, which was not in reality the end, these left one piqued and eager for the inevitable sequel which could be felt but not clearly known.

*

Now comes from the press of Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Company a book by Mr. Dawson (*Hidden Manna*) devoted wholly to the telling of that sequel; and a most extraordinary book it is. The intimate knowledge behind its pages is astonishing. The use to which the author puts his knowledge is a revelation of his power for sustained effort.

Harriet Martineau.

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY"

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A. J. DAWSON AND GUIDE.

The Morocco of the book is as actual and as impressive as the India of *Kim*, and the story as a story gets hold of you and will not let you go. We suggest but two possible defects which occurred to us in reading it. Ben Hassan, the hero, is too much idealised, and the White Beggar —that mongrel of unspeakable antecedents—is too thoroughly and quite impossibly transformed into an incarnate Penance. Mr. Dawson has here let go his grip upon the true Eastern nature, and has allowed a touch of Western sentiment to mar the reality of his picture. Yet even this, we dare say, by the majority of readers will be counted as a merit.

Mr. Dawson himself is a strange, somewhat unsocial man, who has seen and experienced many remarkable things in his crowded life. He shuns the literary paragrapher, and thus is less known than he deserves to be. Yet he does not care for this; but he loves best to cut loose from the bonds of our Frankish civilisation and to go, carrying his life in his hand, into places and among people whose ways and moods are almost unintelligible to those who have not learned them by long intimacy as Mr. Dawson has.

FUTILITY

From out the sordid past a cry—
"Defeat! Defeat! Defeat!"
Once hope was high,
But now I bow my head—'tis meet.

Out from the future grey, a voice—
"Arise, endure thy pain!"
Thine not the choice,
But struggle on—to fall again.

Roscoe Crosby Gaige.

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THE LAST OF THE BURLESQUERS

The subject of this sketch, Eaton Stannard Barrett, belongs to those satirical romancers who may be roughly classed as sociological burlesquers. Such burlesquers are in truth creative critics, to whom life and literature seem so inextricably blended that although expressing themselves in comedy, they are, at bottom, the gravest censors of artificiality and affectation, of any departure from the laws of nature and common sense. Whether using prose or verse, such writers differ from mere parodists, in that parody simply mimics a particular example, ridiculously paraphrasing and exaggerating salient points, while serious burlesque epitomises not only whole schools of writing but also their consequent influence upon society.

The *Rejected Addresses* are of course the perfect instance of parody at its most restricted, but they are hard pressed by Thackeray and Bret Harte. "And so is the Pope of Rome," said Codlingsby, rising to great heights of humorous exaggeration, but only touching one production of one eccentric writer who certainly belonged to no school, and represented no movement. A purely mechanical test serves to distinguish the parodist from the true burlesquer. It is impossible to enjoy the former without being quite conversant with its original Miss Mix's "I saw from the way that he wiped his feet on my dress that he had quite forgotten me," must fall entirely flat on a reader unfamiliar with Mr. Rochester's blandishing ways, while it may be safely affirmed that comparatively few of those who sincerely delight in *Don Quixote* or *Les Précieuses Ridicules* have more than a theoretical acquaintance with Amadis of Gaul, or *Le Grand Cyrus* and the effusions of the Hotel Rambouillet. Hence it comes that no parody can hope to survive its special victim, while the satirical romance may retain permanent interest as an important footnote on contemporary history. There is no rule without its exception, and *Joseph Andrews* defies classification, but for an excellent reason. After devoting some ten chapters to demolishing *Pamela,* Fielding's creative genius took the bit between its teeth and made off, passing from parody of Richardson to the genuine high comedy of Parson Adams.

With the increased making and reading of books, the burlesquer's power has steadily lessened. When one twelvemonth sees the simultaneous success of *Sir Richard Calmady, The Virginian, The House With the Green Shutters, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *Dorothy Vernon,* it is not surprising that a satirist finds no common denominator for the tendency of current literature. It is an inevitable consequence of this diffusion of tastes, that while Mr. Robert Bridges may overhear in Arcady, and Mr. Dooley continues to pick off individual absurdities, there can be no general focus such as, in 1752, gave point to Mrs. Lenox's *Arabella, or the Female Quixote,* and enabled Eaton Stannard Barrett, in 1813, to give a deathblow to the lingering inanities of *Olivia, or the Nymph of the Valley; Pierre and Adeline, or the Romance of the Castle; The Heart and Fancy, or Valsinore.*

In the early nineteenth century English fiction was at an impossibly low ebb. Reacting from the realism of Smollett, Stern and Fielding, responding to Richardson's demand for a higher moral tone, novel writers had fallen under the influence of Rousseau and the German Romantics, bringing forth something bastard and insincere, neither a picture of life, nor the reflection of a real mental condition. Nor was the taste for such nonsense confined to silly young ladies, since a wit of Walpole's fineness had not scrupled to write *The Castle of Otranto,* and a cultivated man like "Monk" Lewis not only reeled off romances in this style, but admired the same mode in other writers and was thrilled to the core by *The Mysteries of Udolpho.* While greater people were content unquestioningly to accept prevailing fashions, it was given to an obscure Irishman to rate contemporary foibles with that aloofness which is the special gift of the true burlesquer. Ireland indeed seems the pioneer of common sense in literature, with Lydia Languish and Maria Edgeworth representing "Before" and "After."

The meagre accounts of Barrett's life are considerably at variance. It is cer-

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tain that he was born at Cork in 1785, but while one authority states that he was educated in Ireland, a schoolmate writes to Notes and Queries, in 1855, of his being at school in Surrey. The old gentleman records without a flicker of amusement that a play from Barrett's pen was given with such success that the head master forbade any further ventures, lest the school should get a name for encouraging theatrical tastes. Although Barrett entered as a student in the Middle Temple, there is no proof of his being called to the Bar, but he was soon in the field as a writer, and till his death, in 1820, continued to pour out a quantity of political pamphlets, plays and novels, some full of talent, some poor, but none without flashes of unusual brilliancy. If the taste is often doubtful, at least it was the taste of Barrett's day; the wit is incontestably his own as in such passages (in *The Rising Sun: A Serio-Comic Romance*) as describe Sheridan visiting Hell in a dream, where "Wandering further afield, I beheld the ghost of Dr. J-S-N, but would you believe it! he was playing on a kit and teaching boys and girls to dance. I endeavoured to draw him into conversation, but he turned away, growling out that every newcomer from above brought him such tidings of the infamous aspersions that had been cast upon his memory by his biographers, that he was tired of hearing any more news." On the same occasion, Sheridan finds an elderly spirit employed in making dirt pies with a parcel of boys. This proves to be Swift; but Shakespeare's benign and tranquil shade sits under a tree happily perusing the works of Sterne.

Criticism, not politics, was Barrett's real element, and while he was quick to see the value of the phrase "All the Talents" as a weapon against the ministry which was so rash as to utter it, the two volumes of dialogues bearing that title, in which he attacked Greenville and Lansdowne after the manner of Churchill's *Rosciad*, though stinging enough in their day, now interest us rather by stray bits of comment, than from any permanent merit of the squibs themselves.

His long poem, *Woman*, a piece of characterless versification, possesses the point of being an unmistakable Women's Rights document at a period when the sapient *Quarterly Review* remarked "We consider the question with respect to the station which the female sex should hold in society as long since settled in theory, and pretty generally reduced to practice."

Barrett's contemporaries greatly admired the lines:

Not she with traitorous kiss her master stung,
Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at his Cross and earliest at his grave.

Oddly enough, no curiosity hunter has noted the coincidence of the following:

Companion of his groom, the clown confounds
Subservient Woman with his horse and hounds.

Having come in for a turn among the English bards and Scotch reviewers—

On All the Talents vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.

Barrett scores Byron with much zest, admonishing him:

Leave English, B-R-N-, ay, and England, too,
The Persic—Turcic—Arabic for you.
Buy an Ionian isle, there naturalise
Old words, and with seraglios colonise.

And again

Stern boy! whom naught but discontent can please,
Made barbarous by refinement, fierce by ease.
* * * * *
Place him in heaven (poetic license may),
His soul will mutter at eternal day.

Epigram was Barrett's natural medium, and flows from his pen with a swing which has not yet wholly lost its vigour. His literary judgments are often well in advance of his time, as when he declares—

Thus Moore's sweet lines with too much tinsel glow,

and no sufferer from modern dialect stories could show more antagonism toward that obvious form of picturesqueness. "Why," he asks, "write in the style which prevailed before language

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had attained its utmost purity? Why use the worse weapon when the better may be had? Is it because such language was spoken in those times? I deny that such language was spoken at any time. Were a Scotch minstrel to rise from his grave, he could not understand half of it. Mr. Scott, I think, has dropped a good many of his 'I wis's' and 'I weens' and 'by my fays;' neither has he adopted the new fashion of sanctifying his words. Sayeth for says, spake for spoke, brake for broke, unto for to, etc., are capriccios for the day."

The normal in life as well as in language was an inherent part of Barrett's creed, and he shows scant sympathy for "Modern novels whose heroines are ever the quintessence of perfection, except as to the personal failings of the young lady who possesses a body of the most delicate and complaining nature." His antipathy to degenerate sentimentalists at length found expression in one of the best pieces of fooling ever written, *The Heroine, or the Adventures of Cherubina.* Most public libraries of any standing have a copy or two of this rare little volume, of which a witty New Englander remarked that for a private family to own even the Baltimore reprint of 1835 is the American equivalent to having a family name appear in Magna Charta.

Cherubina's adventures and emotions surpass those of Julie, Clarissa, Corinne, Emily, Harriet and Adeline. She is more ingenuous than Evelina, more irresistible than Charlotte, but beyond this she herself is a distinct creation. While ridiculing her prototypes, Barrett has drawn an enchanting and only slightly fantastic portrait of those delightful beings who habitually commit amazing follies, from their harmless foible of confounding windmills and giants, basins with helmets. Granted a certain necessary exaggeration, Cherubina is a possible person of a perfectly recognisable type, and it is to this element of truth, as well as to an invincible gayety, that the epic of her adventures owes an imperishable vitality which makes it thoroughly readable to-day.

Cherry Wilkinson, daughter of a well-to-do gentleman farmer, becomes quite addled from an overdose of fiction, and through the machinations of a discharged governess is led to believe that she is an illustrious scion of nobility, wrongfully appropriated by her putative father. She is confirmed in this belief by seeing the attractively aristocratic names Gwynne and De Willoughby on an old lease, which she mistakes for a genealogical document. These suspicions are put beyond all doubt by her finding among poor farmer Wilkinson's papers an ancient picture of a "Young and beautiful female superbly dressed, and underneath in large letters, NELL GWYNNE." Evidently her real mamma! She promptly decides, as the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, to start forthwith on a journey through the world, in search of this bereaved and unhappy parent. Remembering Clarissa's laudible efforts in the matter of clothes, she is much occupied with setting out properly equipped, for "as some benevolent duchess may possibly receive me into her family, and her son persecute me, I may as well look decent, you know." Adventures naturally come fast and thick; like the Tristrams in Anthony Hope's story, she possesses the attribute of making life endlessly interesting to any company in which she finds herself. Playing the game of romance by the rules, she is betrayed into situations each more equivocal than the last, from which, however, native wit and sound instincts invariably rescue her. To the sublimity of Don Quixote she adds a dash of Sancho Panza's shrewdness and darts like a radiant storm centre through a maze of libertines, street rabble, actors and assemblages of the first fashion, astonished to find that she grows hungry without a proper supply of food, shabby and dirty when lacking soap and raiment.

Eighteenth-century fun sparkles on every page, although the quick style is at times most modern in its apt condensation. The descriptions and characterisations are patterns of neatness. A budding poet, one Higginson, "seems to be one of those men who spend their lives in learning how the Greeks and Romans live, how they spoke, ate, what were their coins, houses, but neglect acquainting themselves with the manners and customs of their own times." The poet is rendered speechless throughout dinner by her beauty, and only opens his mouth to ask for "a bit of

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lambkin." During troubles in which he becomes involved through devotion to her, "two footmen appear, carrying a large meal sack full of Higginson," a piece of word painting as happy as any in Dickens.

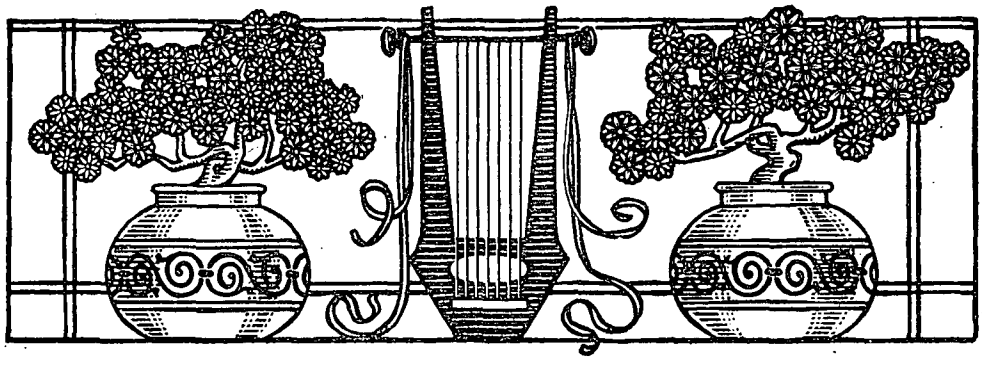
The narrative is well studded with deliciously misapplied quotations—"Bullets flew around me thick as hail and whistled as they went for want of thought." An ugly woman's teeth are "like angels' visits, few and far between." Montmorenci, the mock hero, makes love in a fashion that has the elusive quality of burlesquing passages which seem incapable of being exaggerated, and Cherubina comments: "What he was about to say I know not; something mysterious, I should think, by the knotting of his brows. However, he snatched up his spear and helmet, made a low bow, laid his hand to his heart and stalked from the chamber. Interesting Youth! I then ran in debt for some millinery, drank hartshorn and chafed my temples." Montmorenci also concocts epistles in Lovelace's best style: "I write on my knees, and the paper is blistered with my tears, but I have dried it with my sighs." (See *Clarissa,* "I write on one knee, kneeling on the other," etc.)

The young lady is a good deal puzzled over the theoretical and applied ethics of kissing, and confesses, "I am sure I never shall attain hardihood enough to ravish a salute from a man's mouth as the divine Héloïse did, who once run at St. Preux and astonished him with the most balmy and remarkable kiss on record. Poor fellow, he was never the same after it."

Having enjoyed a meteoric career in London, the Heroine reaches Gywnne Castle, where the fine lady in possession finds much diversion in humouring this odd guest to the top of her bent, indulging Cherubina in a coronation scene *à la* Corinne and a horror chapter outdoing Mrs. Radcliffe. The workmanship throughout is too close and well knit for quotation, but the mirth continues unabated till within a few pages of the end, when the Heroine sees the error of her ways and yields to a growing inclination for her pleasant lover, the faithful Stuart.

After romping along without a trace of didacticism, the author suddenly feels impelled to add a solemn word of warning, emphatically asserting that these misfortunes would be most unlikely to befall any young lady who confined her reading to such unexceptionable works as—as—*Rasselas!* A sympathetic reader will rapidly forget this passage, remembering only the light-hearted sanity which entitles *The Adventures of Cherubina* to its own modest place on the same shelf with *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* Apart from mere cleverness, Barrett's unpretending little volume has a certain deeper significance. While the great luminaries, Molière and Cervantes, blaze with undimmed vigour, this smaller rushlight burns steadily alongside and still sheds useful rays on the history of the human race as set forth in fiction.

Mary Moss.



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LOVE'S WAITING-TIME

O love, not yet! . . . Sweet, let us keep our love
Wrapped round with sacred mystery awhile,
Waiting the secret of the coming years,
That come not yet, not yet . . . sometime . . . not yet . . .

Oh, yet a little while our love may grow! . . .
When it has blossomed it will haply die.
Feed it with lipless kisses, let it sleep,
Bedded in dear denial yet some while, . . .
Oh, yet a little while, a little while!

So sweet it is to stand but just apart,
To know each other better, and to keep
The soft, delicious sense of two that touch, . . .
Till comes at last love's own great passion-sweep
To make us one, indeed—sometime . . . sometime . . .

Yet not to-night . . . let but the lightest breath
Touch my hair softly . . . let us read the book
Of *Paolo and Francesca,* till we pause
To dream the story out—not live it yet,
Sweet love, not yet . . . sometime.

Sometime, sometime . . .
Sometime our lips may meet, and all our lives
Melt into one embrace that sums the world
Close-clasped within the circle of our arms.
Yet not, yet not to-night. Sometime, sometime . . .

Sometime, sometime . . .
My love, O sweet sometime! . . .
And yet the time that is not that sweet time,
The rich and wondrous waiting-time of love
Is sweeter, sweeter, with its lingering sweet. . . .
A little while, sweet love . . . not yet . . . sometime . . .

Curtis Hidden Page.

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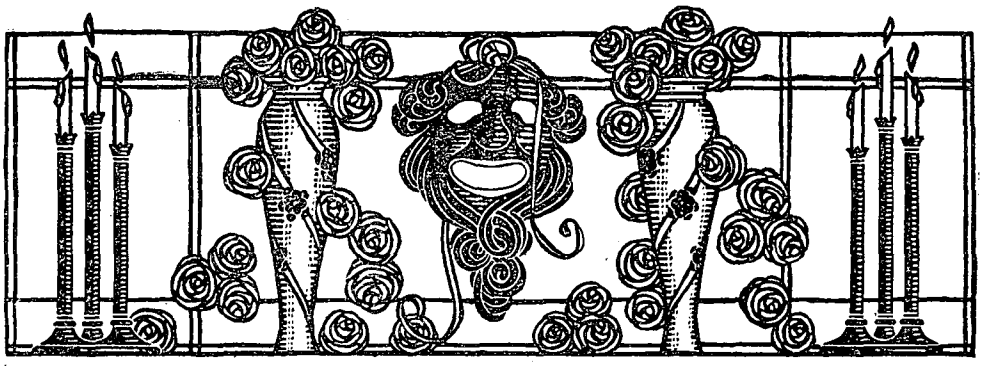

ROBERT MACAIRE, THE FRENCH PECKSNIFF

When Thackeray was a young man and a newspaper correspondent in Paris, one of his great delights was Monsieur Robert Macaire, that character through which Philipon and Daumier, shut off from political caricature by the stringent laws passed at the suggestion of Louis Philippe, satirised the prevailing cant, knavery, quackery and humbug of their time. Thackeray considered Macaire a compound of Fielding's Blueskin and Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs, for when Thackeray wrote, Dickens's Pecksniff had not yet appeared to become typical of the English hypocrisy and humbug of the day. Macaire had the dirt and dandyism of Blueskin with the philosophy of Beau Tibbs: sometimes he was made to swindle, but where he could get a shilling more, M. Macaire would murder without scruple; everything he did was done with bland imperturbability, and he accompanied his actions with fine philosophical remarks. Macaire had a companion, Bertrand, his foil and the recipient of his jokes. Bertrand was just as much of a rogue, but lacked Macaire's dash and genius. The blows meant for Macaire would always somehow fall on Bertrand's head. Driven out of political life, in which he made his first appearance, Macaire soon found his way to the Bar, to the Bourse, into the medical profession, to the stage and into society. Everywhere he went his creators used him to satirise some swindle or humbug. It was a time when France was afflicted with a fever for speculation, and of course Macaire was not behind his compatriots in this respect. In one of the first prints of the collection, Macaire discoursed to Bertrand of his projects. "Bertrand," he said, "I adore industry. If you wish, let us create a bank, a real bank: capital, a hundred million millions, a hundred milliard milliards. We shall sink the Bank of France, the bankers; we shall sink the whole world." "Yes," says Bertrand, very calm and stupid, "but the gendarmes?" "How absurd you are, Bertrand: do they ever arrest a millionaire?" Such was the key of M. Macaire's philosophy.

Macaire appeared again soon after. He had not created a bank, but a newspaper. He was sitting in a chair of state, and discoursing to his shareholder. Bertrand, calm and stupid as before, stood humbly behind. "Sir," said the editor of *La Blague,* "our profits arise from a new combination. The *Journal* costs twenty francs; we sell it for twenty-three and a half. A million subscribers make three millions and a half of profits; there are my figures; contradict me by figures, or I will bring an action for libel." In another plate Macaire is still a journalist; he brings to the editor of a paper an article of his composition, a violent attack on a law. "My dear M. Macaire," says the editor, "this must be changed; we must *praise* this law." "Good, good!" says the versatile Macaire, "I am going to retouch it, and I will do for you in favour of the law a frothing article." When he had done with journalism, Macaire began to distinguish himself as a promoter, a vendor of shares. "Buy my coal mine shares," he shouts; "gold mines, silver mines, diamond mines." "Look," says he at another time to a very timid client, "you have property to sell! I have found the

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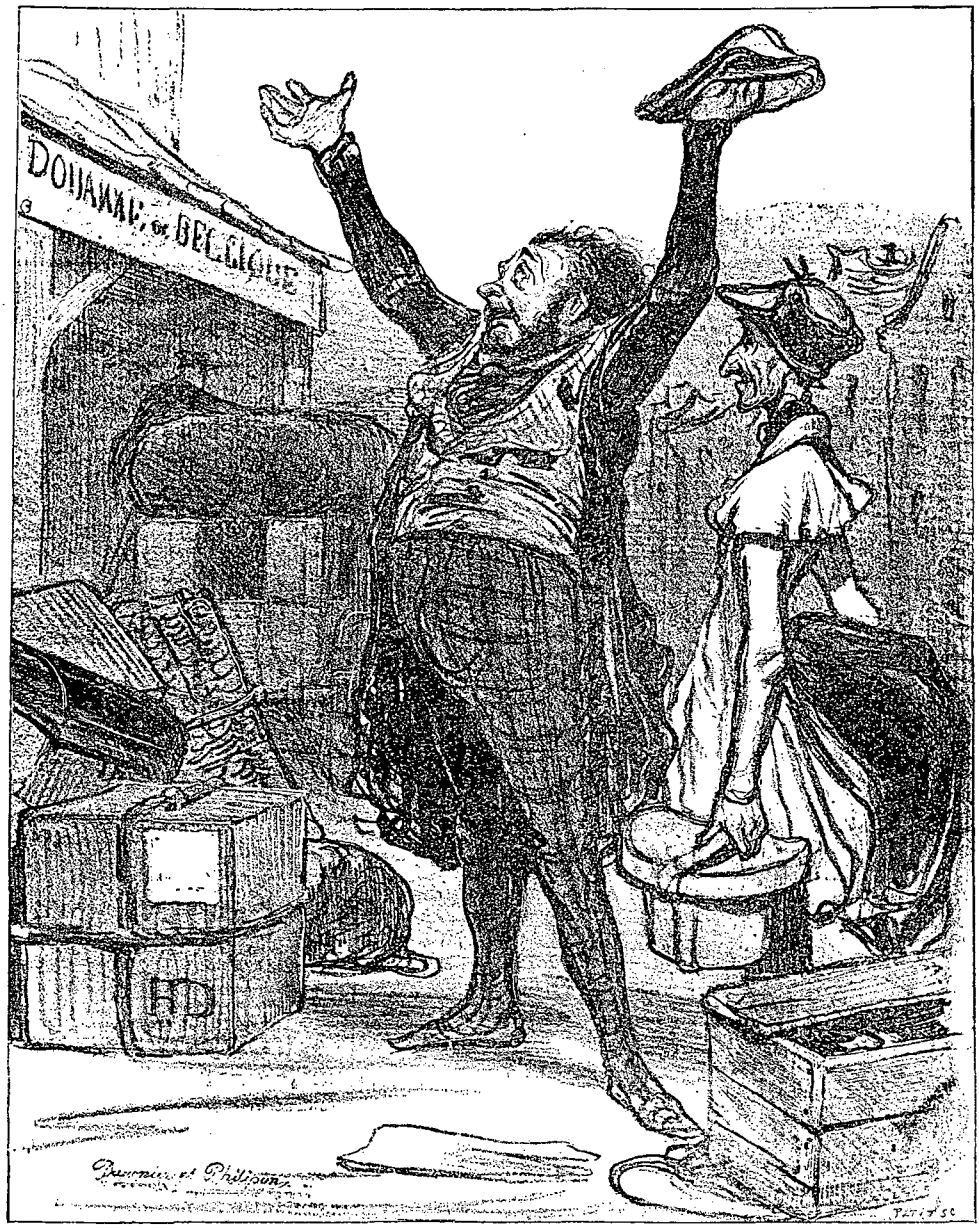
very man, a rich capitalist, a fellow whose bills are better than bank notes." The client sells; the bills are taken in payment, and signed by that respectable capitalist, Monsieur de Saint-Bertrand, Macaire's old companion. In another plate we find Macaire inditing a circular letter to all the world, running thus: "Sir, I regret to say that your application for shares in the Consolidated European Incombustible Blacking Association cannot be complied with, as all the shares of the C. E. I. B. A. were disposed of on the day they were issued. I



Messieurs Macaire and Bertrand have found it expedient to make a hurried departure for Belgium for the purpose of evading French justice. The eloquent Macaire, on reaching the frontier, declaims as follows: "Hail to thee, O land of hospitality! Hail, fatherland of those who haven't got any! Sacred refuge of all unfortunates proscribed by human justice, hail! To all drooping hearts Belgium is dear."

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have, nevertheless, registered your name, and in case a second series should be put forth, I shall have the honour of immediately giving you notice. I am, sir, yours, etc. the Director, Robert Macaire." "Print three hundred thousand of these," he says to Bertrand, "and poison all France with them." As usual, the stupid Bertrand remonstrates: "But we have not sold a single share; you have not a sou in your pockets, and—" "Bertrand, you are an idiot; do as I tell you."

Having left the Bourse, Macaire sagely turned to another profession. Providing himself with a black gown, he blandly proposed to Bertrand to set up a new religion. "My friend," says the repentant sinner, "the day of speculation will pass, but the 'good things' (*les badauds*) we shall always have with us. Let us occupy ourselves with what is eternal. Let us make a religion." To this Bertrand replies: "A religion? What the devil—but a religion is not an easy thing to make." But Macaire's receipt is simplicity itself: "Get a gown, hire a shop, borrow some chairs, preach about Napoleon, or the discovery of America, or Molière—and there's a religion for you." Again, M. Macaire finds his way into the legal profession, where he distinguishes himself greatly. In one print we see him humanely visiting an unfortunate prisoner, who is no other in fact than his old comrade Bertrand, who has fallen into some trouble and is awaiting the sentence of the law. Macaire begins: "My dear Bertrand, give me a hundred crowns and I will have you acquitted right away." "I have no money." "What! well, then, give me a hundred francs." "But I have not a sou." "You have not ten francs?" "Not a centime." "Then give me your boots, and I will plead extenuating circumstances." On another occasion Macaire is pleading before a judge, and, mistaking his client, pleads for defendant instead of plaintiff. "The infamy of the plaintiff's character, my lord, renders his testimony on such a charge as this wholly unavailing." "M. Macaire! M. Macaire!" cries the attorney in a fright, "you are for the plaintiff." "This," adds the ready-witted Macaire, "is what the defendant will say. This is the line of defence which the opposite party intend to pursue; as if such slanders could weigh with an enlightened jury, or injure the spotless reputation of my client!"

L. E. Roussillon.

THE CENTENARY OF DOUGLAS JERROLD

It is always with a feeling akin to sadness that one writes of an author who, once ranked too highly, has by succeeding generations been dispossessed of his stripes and degraded to the ranks. On the rare occasions when the name of Douglas Jerrold is mentioned, the memory conjures up the picture of a brilliant, caustic wit and raconteur; yet in his day he was regarded by many as equal in humour to Thackeray and Dickens. Now no one reads the books of the man whom the author of *The Snobs of England* regarded as his most dangerous rival on the staff of *Punch*. That Jerrold and Thackeray could never have been classed together is material for a joke against the judgment of our grandfathers; but it is undeniably true that then *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* were regarded as the highwater mark of humour. Did not all London crowd to the Lyceum Theatre to see a dramatic version of the Lectures, in which Mrs. Keeley enacted the rôle of the nagging wife?

Douglas William Jerrold was born on January 3d, 1803; he died on June 8th, 1857. He was the son of an actor, who subsequently became the manager of the Sheerness Theatre—the term actor-manager was not then employed—and his connection with the stage dates back almost to his infancy, for whenever at Sheerness a child had to appear in a play his services were enlisted. After a few years of more or less desultory education, at the age of eleven he entered the Navy as a midshipman. He was appointed to the guardship *Namur*, stationed at the Nore, and remained with her until the war of 1815 was brought to a close and the ship paid off. Then Jerrold left the service. He was apprenticed to a printer, and was subsequently engaged as a compositor on the *Sunday Monitor*. It was

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while thus employed, in 1819, that he wrote a criticism on *Der Freischütz,* which the editor accepted. Further contributions were invited, and Jerrold's journalistic career began. All his life he had a great idea of the power of journalism. "When Luther wanted to crush the Devil," he said, "why didn't he throw ink at him?" He was soon writing for three or four papers and for several magazines, sometimes under his own signature, sometimes under the pseudonym "Henry Brownrigg." It has been suggested that he may have written the much-discussed anonymous story in *Fraser's Magazine, Elizabeth Brownrigge,* which by Mr. Swinburne and others has been ascribed to Thackeray. All his life Jerrold was connected with journals and periodicals. In 1825 he was part-owner with a Dr. Crucifix of a Sunday newspaper; and some twenty years later started *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.* Neither of these ventures was a success. He also founded, in 1845, *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine,* in the pages of which he published a novel, *St. Giles and St. James.* Later, he edited, for Herbert Ingram, the proprietor of *The Illustrated London News,* a monthly periodical, entitled *The Illuminated Magazine,* to which he contributed "The Chronicles of Clovernook" and "The Chronicles of a Goosequill." For the last five years of his life he edited, with great success, *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.* He is said to have written each week three columns of leaders and numerous literary reviews. Many of his political articles, originally printed in *Lloyd's* and elsewhere, have been collected and published in a volume, entitled *Other Times.*

In his earlier years he was employed as hack-dramatist, first by Davidge, manager of the Coburg Theatre, and after by Elliston, manager of the Surrey Theatre. To the latter he took the MS. of *Black-Eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs.* This "nautical drama" was produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, and, with T. P. Cook, as William, ran for three hundred nights. The author received only £70 for his work, though fortunes have been made out of the play by more than one manager. This is the only piece of all those written by Jerrold which still holds the stage. It is generally being performed somewhere or other in the provinces, and has been several times revived in London. The last revival was some years ago, at the Adelphi Theatre, with William Terriss as William. It is not likely, however, that any manager will be venturesome enough to stage it again at a West-end theatre. *Black-Eyed Susan* has not stood the test of time. One of the few dramatic successes that Jerrold achieved was a comedy, *Time Works Wonders,* produced at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, when it ran for seventy nights. The dialogue of this play is really brilliant, and often epigrammatic; but the plot is not well constructed.

Jerrold's connection with *Punch* began with the second number and ceased only a few days before his death. His principal contributions were *The "Q" Papers,* in which the subjects discussed were mostly political; *Mr. Punch's Letters to his Son; Mrs. Punch's Complete Letter-Writer; The Jenkins Papers,* written by him and Thackeray, and illustrated by Leech—in which the *Morning Post* was satirised; *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures,* illustrated by Leech, Doyle, and Keene; *Mrs. Robinson Crusoe;* and *The Story of a Feather.*

Jerrold was at his best when writing short humorous papers, like the *Caudle Lectures.* He was ill-equipped for the writing of novels. His characters were not creations; Jericho, Capstick, Canditoft, Bright Jem, to mention a few, are the merest puppets. His philosophy was narrow; and he frequently interrupted the narrative to state his opinions, which, as a rule, were very superficial. He was always sincere, no doubt, but he trusted to his feelings rather than to his intellect; and, after all, the sentimentalist is not always in the right. *A Man Made of Money* is, perhaps, his best story. It deals with the supernatural. Jericho is a merchant with an extravagant wife. Once, when she is pressing him for money, he exclaims: "I wish to Heaven I was made of money." To his great astonishment, his prayer is granted. Whenever he puts his hand to his breast he finds a hundred-pound bank-note. But it is his life he is expending. In the end he dies, and his gold and diamonds turn to soot and charcoal. The idea is well conceived, but indifferently carried

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out. The book gives the impression of having been written in a hurry.

If his name be handed down to posterity, this will be not on account of his books, but because of his conversational powers. He had a genius for repartee. Many of the best things he said are too well known to bear repetition. Perhaps the most famous was his reply to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit, and one day plaintively remarked: "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," answered the "wasp," like a flash of lightning, "but not with the same skulls." It was not of Albert Smith, but of a very much overrated author whose works were being praised to him, that he said: "I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame." It may have been this author who said to him: "I hear you say—— was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I didn't," Jerrold assured him; "I said it was the worst book that anybody ever wrote." Jerrold did not even disdain the pun in conversation, though it does not often figure in his writings. "Well, Talfourd," he said to the author of *Ion*, "have you any more 'Ions' in the fire?" It was he who suggested that the most fitting epitaph for Charles Knight, the publisher, would be "Good Night!" His quarrels with actors during the years of his dramatic activity were incessant; he complained that they would give their ideas of the characters rather than his. Once he complained of the inferior company that was performing one of his plays at the Haymarket Theatre. "Why, there's V——," said the manager, protesting, "he was bred on these boards." "He looks as if he had been cut out of them," growled the playwright. Jerrold was always very nervous on a "first night." Another dramatist, popularly supposed to "lift" his plots and situations from the French, assured him that he did not know the meaning of nervousness on such an occasion. "I can quite understand that," the wit said pleasantly; "your pieces have always been tried before." "Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance who was abroad; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Certainly," said Jerrold, "unremitting kindness." "Really," said a lady speaking about a baby, "I cannot find words to convey to you even a faint idea of its pretty ways." "I see, it is a child more easily conceived than described." He hated snobbishness, and when Samuel Warren one day complained that at a ducal house where he had dined he could get no fish, "I suppose," said Jerrold, "they had eaten it all upstairs."

Lewis Melville.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN

If any painter of the eighteenth century in these isles used paint after the sanest and most enduring traditions it was Raeburn. We have seen that his practice agreed with that of the best men before and after his time, so we may claim that he followed the true path of art. The excellence of his straightforward method has caused his colour to stand much better than that of Reynolds. The greater part of Reynolds's work has changed almost as much as the later pictures of Turner.

One can hardly resist comparing Sir Joshua with Raeburn, and Turner with that other Scotsman, Thomson of Duddingston. While one admits the greater imaginations of the two Englishmen, one prefers the views of nature, that is to say, the qualities of imagination and the consequent ideas of treatment, of the two Scotsmen. Not only does Raeburn's solid square painting last better than Sir Joshua's cookery after Italian receipts, but one believes that when they were painted, only the greatest pictures by Reynolds were above Raeburn's work. If Thomson had been a professional, probably he would have surpassed Turner and forestalled Theodore Rousseau. His conception of romantic landscape was grander than anything else of the sort; certainly broader and more heroic in treatment than Turner's somewhat teased

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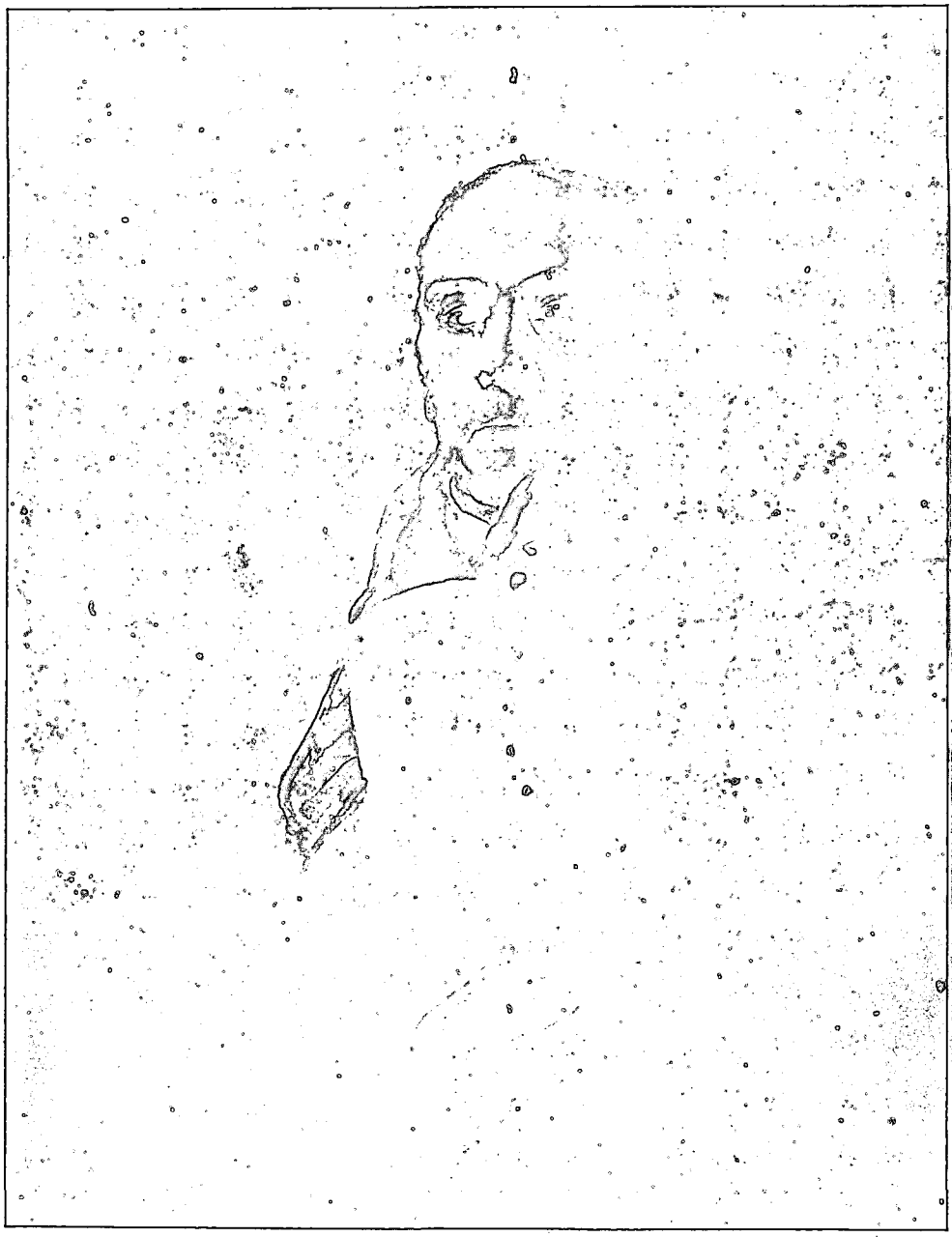
and over-inventive scheme, less hampered by conscientious research than any save the finest Rousseaus. But Thomson's conception was never adequately backed by study, and so never adequately realised. Sheer fervour of imagination led Raeburn and Thomson to anticipate by thirty years the ideals of the Frenchmen.

Raeburn was not often tempted to set his figures against the unreal scenic background so much used in England by Reynolds, Gainsborough and other portrait painters. When he yielded for awhile to this fashion, it was against his will and his better judgment. The habit agreed ill with his direct and honest style



RAEBURN.

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of work, with the bold, square touch by which he emphasised the light on the variously inclined planes of the flesh. His own style, in fact, was incompatible with pretty elegance, spotty colouring and theatrical disposition of the canvas. It went best with the solemn, natural simplicity of Velazquez, the Dutchmen and the Flemings. Sometimes, however, his handling was accompanied by a cold, rather vicious greyness of colouring, as in the wonderful "John Tait and his Grandson," a picture highly characteristic of Raeburn's brushwork. Its colour, which is well preserved, makes one question whether the glow of other pictures may not often be the result of time or varnish. "John Tait and His Grandson" was painted about 1798-99, and stands in the strongest contrast to Mr. Colnaghi's fine,

SECOND LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS.

Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.

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but rather artificial, three-quarter-length portrait of a man in a green coat and buff breeches, holding a gun in a nerveless hand and standing beneath a decorator's tree. The paint is thinly smeared, the modelling of the face subtle, delicate, but unaccentuated, the accessories flat and conventional, yet not quite unlike in their superficial aspect to those of Velazquez in his early middle style, when he painted the "Three Royal Sportsmen in the Prado." But everywhere in this portrait

LADY STEWART OF COLTNESS.

Mr. F. Fleischmann.

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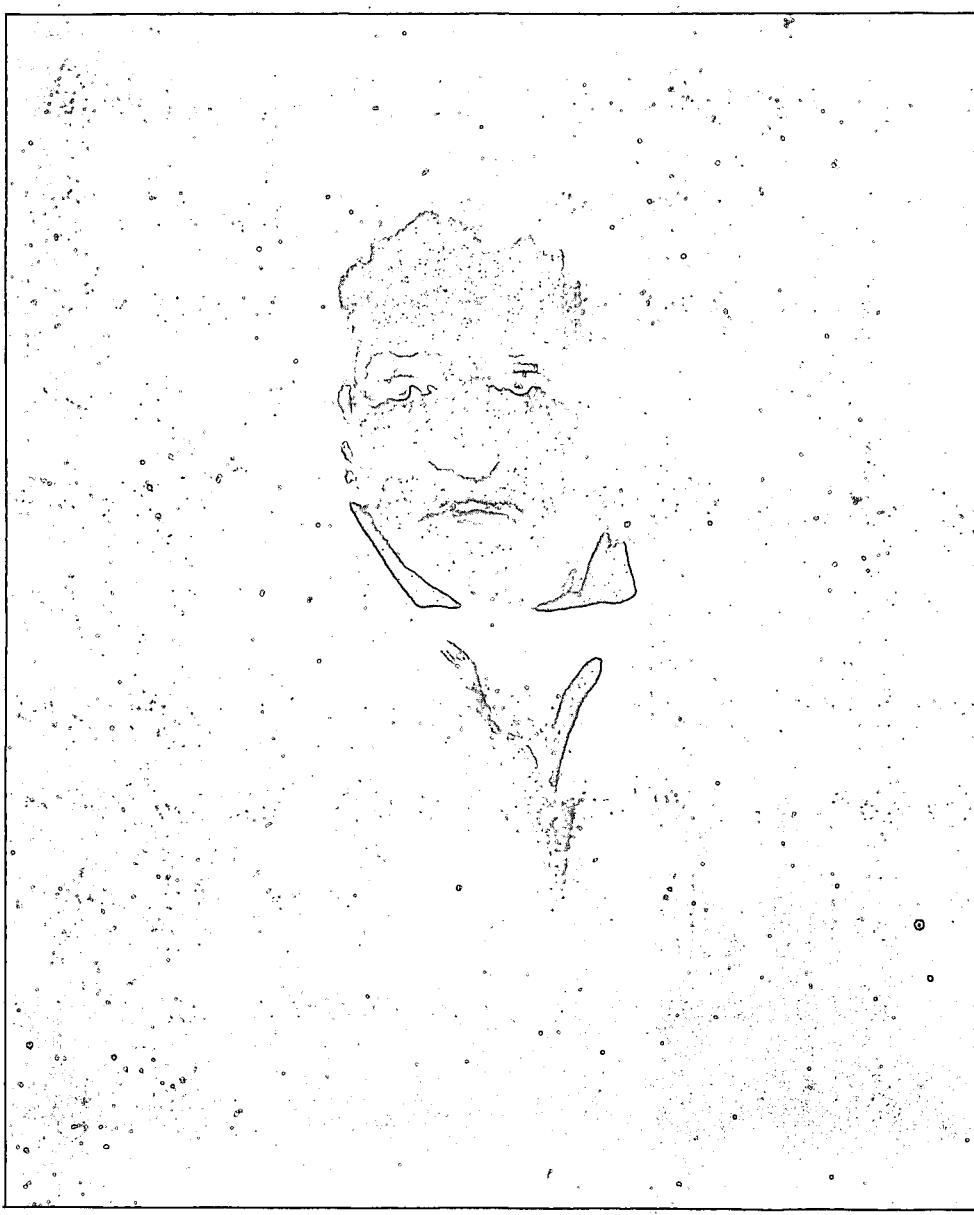
(Sinclair of Ulbster, I believe) by Raeburn you miss the firm shapeliness of the Spaniard's realisation of form.

The simpler portraits of Raeburn are his best. His interest was centred on human faces; not even hands received due consideration in his portraits. We find R. L. Stevenson saying in *Virginibus Puerisque:* "Again, in spite of his own satisfaction and in spite of Dr. John Brown, I cannot consider that Raeburn was very happy in his hands." Although he had painted it from nature, in his youth Raeburn cared little for landscape. Faces, too, he must see while he was painting. He was no historical painter, devising expressions, gestures and dramatic groupings. He was stimulated by



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Earl of Home, K. T.

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real people and real light, as Mr. Sargent is in the present day. Yet it was said that he "ennobled unworthy faces," which might mean that he idealised their shapes. This is improbable. Possibly it means that the broad simplicity of his style gave them the plastic dignity which storm, night, mist, or other effects of light can impose on objects without any actual alteration of their structure. Sir Walter Armstrong, under the heading of "Raeburn" in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, says: "Technically his chief faults are a want of richness and depth

A BOY AND A RABBIT.

Royal Academy, London.

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MARGARET, COUNTESS OF DUMFRIES, AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY ELIZABETH PENELOPE CRICHTON.

Marquis of Bute.

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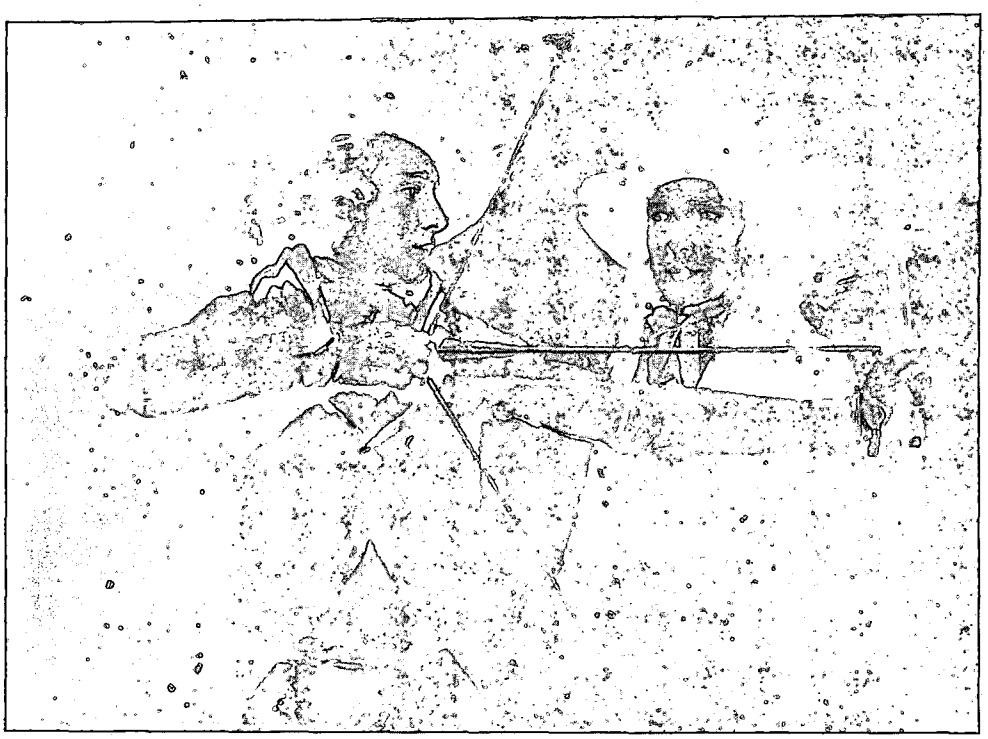
SIR JOHN AND LADY CLARK.

Sir George Douglas Clark, Bart.



RONALD AND ROBERT FERGUSON OF RAITH.

Mr. R. C. Munro Ferguson, M. P.

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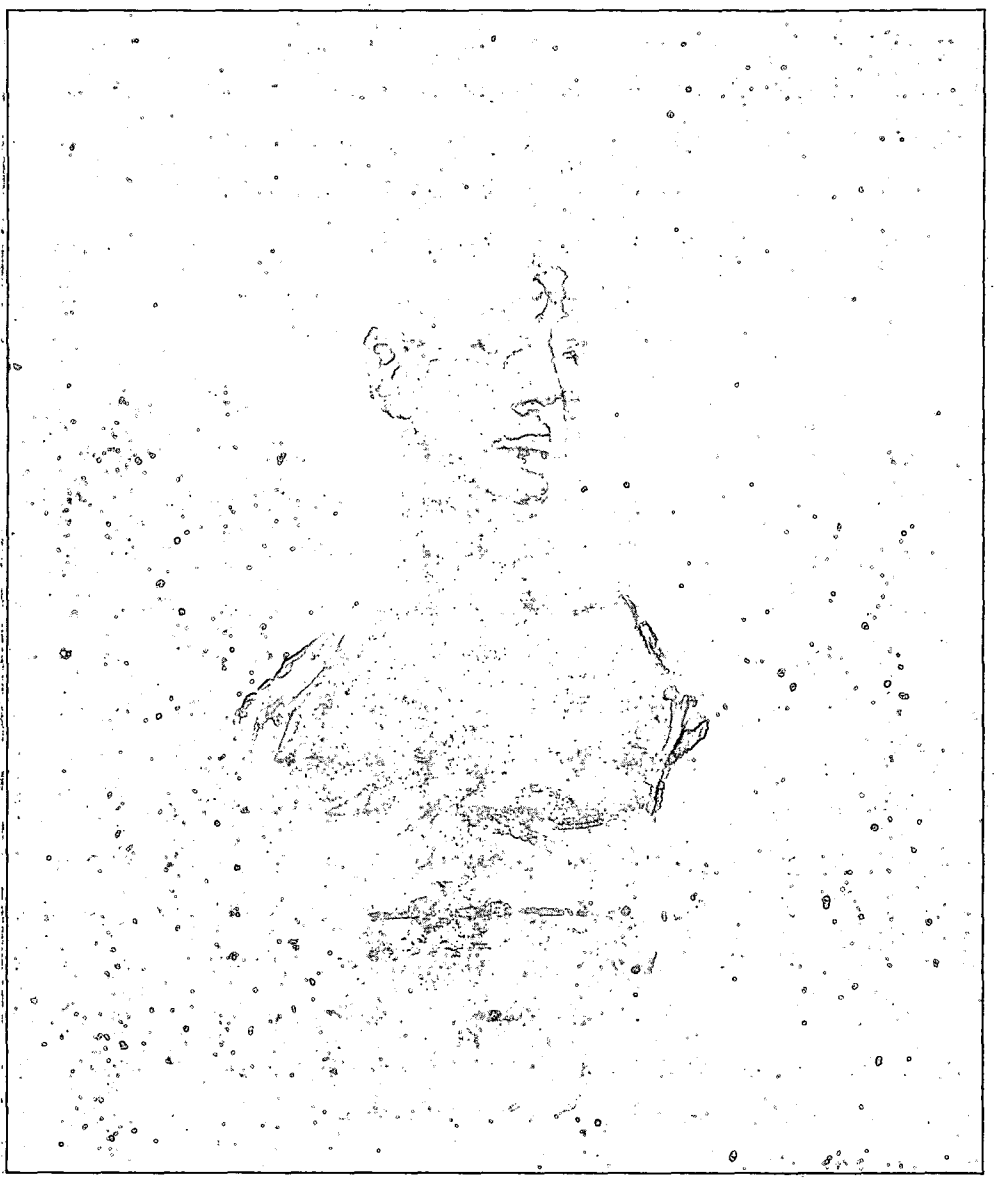
in his colour, and an occasional proneness to over-simplify the planes in his modelling of a head." As in sculpture so in painting, the simplification of planes tends to grandeur; and we may take it that this was all the ennobling which Raeburn consciously employed. In colour he certainly lacked richness, but in comparison with his contemporaries scarcely depth. We note in his portraits another cause of nobility, or perhaps we should say vitality, which, considering the empty apathy of expression produced by posing, may be called a certain kind of idealisation. We shall state it in the words of R. L. Stevenson: "He was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their face, and had possessed himself of what was essential in their charac-



MRS. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

Royal Scottish Academy.

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ter before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception."

In the common meaning of the term, Raeburn was not an idealiser. Painting with him was the direct sensuous perception of nature. The words "imitation of nature" would not have frightened this enthusiastic and ardent lover of reality. He knew the beauties of nature too intimately to despise them unless tricked out in the adornment of an artificial style. Only the professed decorator and the trade painter, and not all of them, will say: "But where is the art, where is the poetry, in the work of a man who copies nature?" One who knows the sublime mysteries of real chiaroscuro, the surprises of true modelling, the endless and matchless beauties of real atmosphere, will not agree with Mr. L. Housman, in his monograph on Houghton, that "naturalism is an enemy to all strong forms of art."

The different meanings attached to the word naturalism may perplex some people. I take it here to mean the revelation of some possible, if rare, group of facts by means of an imitation of real light expressed as naturally as may be in the convention of painting. In this art, dresses, accessories, skies, landscape, animals, centaurs, monsters, should all be subject to the same law of lighting as the figure. There is no background, but space all round the figure. The beauties of real light by themselves supply a subject for poetry to the seeing eye; yet they by no means exclude—they rather favour, with their language of natural mystery—the revelation of the solidly built beauties of form. Between shadow, space, air, graduation of light on the one hand, and on the other solid shape and local colours, there is no antagonism that forces you to treat these two latter qualities by arbitrary contours and arbitrary modelling. Is the shadow of Rembrandt or the space of Velasquez unpoetic? Is either of them based on anything but the true action of light, by which alone, through thousands of years, man has ever received an impression? This poetry of the real only comes when a man of feeling and insight, setting down his experience of nature, determines to make the most of the things he loves best. So doing he shows you how interesting, how beautiful the pattern and the nuances of light may be, even when it falls upon objects that you have learned to call ugly. How much art goes to this task let those who have tried it tell you. If they had been content to expound over again already conventionalised, already dignified, already accepted qualities of nature, they might have shortened their labours by one-half, and would have diminished their ultimate reputation to a mere fraction. That other business of spinning patterns which bear only the remotest relation to nature also surely requires art, a feeling for decoration, good taste and invention. Such art may be beautiful though not truly poetic, and it is not to be ever despised, even when its professors rail against nature as a fashionable person rails against an Apollo because he has curls, no frock-coat and no tall hat. So modistes scoff at the waist of the Venus of Milo. They cannot see a woman without stays; and a woman other than a fashionably dressed lady is not to be counted. Many artificial people see no art except in costume-painting, and turn to the eighteenth century, to powder, patches, hoops, without which everything seems grossly common and natural. I remember hearing a lady say in Edinburgh long ago that no Greek statue could be really beautiful, because it was naked. Raeburn is naked to the exclusive admirers of Lely, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hoppner, Fragonard. He belongs to the strong naturalistic school, who strip off accessory graces that the solemn fashion of light may prevail. In conclusion, I will quote Mr. W. E. Henley's words, which seem to me to sound the tonic of my discourse: "He came at the break between old and new, when the old was not yet discredited and the new was still inoffensive."

R. A. M. Stevenson.

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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

I. KRUGER'S "MEMOIRS."*
II. DE WET'S "THREE YEARS WAR."

Indignant and curiously irrational outcries have been raised in some quarters at Mr. Kruger's bias and bitterness against England in these *Memoirs* of his. The bitterness is undeniable; he sneers at Lord Roberts, imputes bad faith to Chamberlain, Milner, and Rhodes, and has seldom anything for British institutions and British methods generally but anger and contempt. This only means, however, at worst, that with all his fervent, deep-rooted, narrow religion, the ex-President is about as human as the rest of us; that is sufficiently evident on every page of his book; and it is a little absurd to expect that a man who is still smarting under defeat should write amiably of his conquerors. We might reasonably suspect him of hypocrisy if he did.

The fact is, Mr. Kruger has been consistently biased against us all his days; whether we have ever given him any real excuse for this prejudice does not concern us at present; certainly, recent events have not been calculated to endear us to him. Bringing together here the recollections of his long life, he strives after no effects of style, but says what he has to say in the ordinary, familiar fashion a man uses when he talks; perhaps the very absence of any asseveration of his sincerity helps to impress one with a persuasion that he is simply, doggedly sincere, and that in all he did, in his official capacity, he really was actuated by a passionate love of his country and a desire to do honestly, according to his lights, his duty by his people. He was mistaken, perhaps; he failed conspicuously; but that he still adheres to the convictions that led to his failure, is still satisfied that he took the only course that was possible to him, and abates no jot of his distrust and dislike of us, rather entitles him to our respect, and is in itself his best vindication. Having done what he conceived to be right, he would not be justified in changing his mind about it merely because it had not proved to be a good thing for himself. He undoubtedly shares the feeling that De Wet expresses: "As things have turned out, all that can now be said is, we have done our best, and to ask any one to do more is unreasonable. May it be the cry of every one, 'God willed it so—His name be praised!'"

Mr. Kruger saw the beginning of the South African Republic, as he has seen the end of it. His *Memoirs* start from when, at the age of nine, driven, he says, by England's perfidy in connection with the suppression of slavery, he and his family migrated to the north of the Orange River, a year before the Great Trek was accomplished. He tells of his early days, his hunting adventures and perilous escapes from lions and elephants, with evident enjoyment, and relates, not without pardonable pride, his daring exploits in many little wars against the savage tribes of the surrounding districts, and the fame and prestige that accrued to him therefrom. His story of the founding and progress of the Republic with which his own career is bound up inseparably may be too deeply coloured by his ingrained prejudices to have much historical value, but it has the interest and value that always attaches to a record of things by the man who saw and did them; it is full of conscious and unconscious self-revelations, and it may persuade us to appreciate his point of view, though not to accept it. And when all is said, there is much of pathos in the hard, strenuous life that must head its first and its last chapters with the word "homeless"—homeless at the beginning, trekking into a strange country, and homeless, on the eve of the last Great Trek, at the end. There is a pathos and a dignity, too, in the stubborn, indomitable old man's closing words: "I am convinced that God does not forsake His people, even though it may often appear so. Therefore I resign myself to the will of the Lord."

While Kruger, limiting himself to his personal experiences, deals only with the political issues of the late war, De Wet,

* The Memoirs of Paul Kruger. Told by Himself. 2 vols. New York: The Century Company.

Three Years War. By C. R. De Wet. New York; Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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keeping within similar limitations in his *Three Years War*, gives us a terse, manful relation of his own great share in the fighting, from the time he went on commando at Elandslaagte, as an ordinary burgher, to the day when, as the most famous of the Boer commanders, he grudgingly surrendered at Vereeniging. It makes a stirring and absorbing story, though it is not always gratifying to our national pride. He tells without boasting, in blunt, matter-of-fact, soldierly fashion, of how much of his success he owed to the blundering of our officers and men, to our over-confidence and insufficient scouting, and draws, simply, and also without boasting, thrilling and vivid pictures of the hardships he and his followers endured, their night marches, and night attacks, their reckless ventures and perilous escapes in the unquiet days when our newspapers were palpitating with reports of how we were chasing him, rounding him up, and cornering him, yet never getting him cornered. Of the political rights and wrongs of the business he says nothing; such matters as the concentration camps and the farm burnings he views, naturally, from the Boer standpoint and indignantly denounces, but on the whole there is little in his book that is unfair or resentful, and nothing of the rancour and bias that dominate the utterances of his old chief.

De Wet is indubitably the broader-minded, the finer and more cultured spirit of the two, and he is inspired by the same fierce love of country, the same belief in the justice of his cause, the same indomitable will, and the same profound, almost fanatical religious fatalism that inspire Kruger. "Here," he writes of one of his exploits, "I had the most wonderful of all the escapes that God allowed me in the whole course of the war." Again, "Everything is as it must be, and unless one is a sluggard—who brings trouble upon himself by doing nothing to avoid it—one has no reason to complain." When he fails to capture Lord Kitchener, he says merely that "A Higher Power had willed it otherwise." Referring to the two Boer disasters on two successive anniversaries of Majuba, he says, "How am I to explain the inexplicable? *We had sinned—but not against England.*" These and similar passages in Kruger's book, as well as in De Wet's, read almost like echoes from the letters and speeches of Cromwell. The likeness of the Boers to the older Puritans has often been suggested, and the resemblance is undeniable: they are men of the same stout moral and mental fibre, the same great physical courage and solemn religious ecstasy. But both De Wet and Kruger acknowledge that they knew even at the outset they had no prospect of ultimate success; they obstinately took the path they felt it was their duty to take, satisfied that whatever happened would happen as God willed it. And in this they differed from Cromwell and his invincibles, who were convinced not only that they were God's chosen people, but that the cause for which they fought was God's, and therefore must inevitably prevail—defeat was out of the question. It were not altogether easy to say which is the grander faith, but there can be no doubt as to which is the more potent.

Letters, speeches, and documents of historical significance are reprinted in the appendices to both these books; characteristic portraits of Mr. Kruger preface his two volumes, and the *Three Years War* has for its frontispiece an excellent reproduction of Sargent's recent drawing of De Wet.

A. St. John Adcock.

III.

The Life of Max Müller.*

The compilation of a successful Memoir mainly out of letters to and from its subject requires careful and discriminating judgment. In this instance the value and interest of the book would have been increased if the selection of letters for publication had been more carefully made; indeed nearly half of them do not contain matter of sufficient interest to justify their publication. The correspondence of one who occupied such a prominent position was necessarily miscellaneous, and the letters in great part are of personal or ephemeral interest only, and do not aid us, as all

* The Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Friedrich Max Müller. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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the elements of a biography should, in gaining an insight into the personality of its hero. In a sense, the Memoir is intended as a supplement to the two volumes, *Auld Lang Syne* and the posthumous *Autobiography;* and the author has written only so much of narrative as suffices to weave the letters into a continuous history.

The life is one well worthy of study. We can trace the stages by which a poor student, son of a civil servant in one of the smallest duchies in Germany, became in his thirtieth year professor in the great English University, and was, in his fiftieth year, the esteemed friend of the royal and noble personages of several lands.

There is a psychological as well as a practical interest in the contemplation of the career of a successful man. In the case of one like Max Müller, whose position brought him prominently into public view, and who has in his books given us so much that is suggestive of his inner life, it is possible to speculate on the conditions of his success. Even from the outset of his student life he had that subtile charm of an attractive personality by which he influenced those who came in contact with him, and he was fortunate in interesting in his affairs friends of high station like Baron Bunsen, who helped him in his progress. His appearance was prepossessing, his manner courtly, his dress faultless; he was a musician of no mean skill, and always ready to exercise this talent; he was enthusiastic in the pursuit of his studies, but wise enough not to bore his friends. He had a profound belief in himself, which led him to speak with confidence and with authority, and yet he expressed himself so courteously that his dogmatism was not offensive; to the skill of a courtier he added the tact of a diplomatist, and he wrote in a vigorous, dignified, and clear style. Even the very formlessness and lack of method which often characterised his works made them more readable by those who were not experts in the sciences in which he was interested, and the simple vanity which he showed when he received the well-deserved honours which were conferred upon him was of a nature rather to gratify than to offend those who gave them.

In the three great departments of knowledge upon which he wrote, Sanskrit literature, comparative philology, and comparative religion, he was regarded, in the public mind, as the highest authority, and was by most people believed to be, if not the founder of these sciences, at least the introducer of them into England. Yet there have been in Britain more accomplished Sanskrit scholars, more accurate philologists, and more profound philosophers, but none who, before his time, succeeded in awakening any general interest in their subjects, or whose work was known outside the narrow circle of specialists. It is to him especially that we owe the popularising of these subjects, which now attract so much attention among all who pretend to any degree of culture.

Those who have followed the course of the works by which Max Müller is best known will naturally look to see what notice is taken here, either in the letters or the narrative, of the animadversions of Whitney and of his relation to Professor Aufrecht. We learn that the dilatoriness displayed in the publication of the Rig Veda, of which the great American Sanskritist complained, was, in part at least, not his fault. But on the other hand, in the light of the progress which the science of Comparative Philology has made since his day, the unprejudiced reader can scarcely fail to note that most of the criticisms made by Whitney in his papers in the *North American Review*, in 1861, 1865, and 1871, have been fully justified.

The world will probably never know how much Max Müller owed to Professor Aufrecht in his edition of the Vedas. In the letters written during the period in which the latter acted as his assistant, he acknowledges the aid which he received from his compatriot; but in Müller's references to the publication of the Vedic hymns in Europe in his Gifford Lectures he mentions no edition between the few specimens published by Rosen in 1830 and the completion of his large edition with the Sâyana commentary in 1873; yet long before that work was more than half done Aufrecht had published in Weber's *Indische Studien* the whole of the Rig Veda in a carefully transliterated text, the first part, including Mandala i.-v. in 1861, and the remaining part (Mandala vi.-x.) in 1863,

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so that Whitney was justified in saying in 1868 that "it is Aufrecht who is the true editor of the Veda." There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the popular and brilliant professor and the shy, profound student, who cared little for external appearance or social life, who was cautious and conscientious almost to a fault in his work, and who concealed under a reserved and somewhat irascible shell of manner a warm and sympathetic nature. The very qualities which ensured the success and popularity of Max Müller's writings sometimes proved irritating to those who were equally conversant with the same branches of knowledge. To them there was little of originality and much of repetition in the material which he presented to the public; and many of his philological and philosophical conclusions were based on insecure or insufficient premises, while some of his hypotheses, especially in Comparative Mythology, were artificial and unsatisfactory, and justified the criticisms passed on them by Andrew Lang and other writers in the same field of work.

But the Memoirs are more directly concerned with the man than with these details of his work, and one can easily understand, from the presentation of his personal character as portrayed here, how much and justly he deserved the affection of his intimates, the esteem of those in the outer circle of his acquaintance, the admiration of the cultured section of the public, and the honour and confidence of those of the highest rank in England and other lands.

Alexander Macalister.

IV.

Frank Norris's "The Pit."*

Frank Norris died leaving his trilogy unfinished. It was to consist of three novels—*The Octopus, The Pit,* and *The Wolf*. *The Octopus,* a story of wheat raising and railroad greed in California, was published in 1901. It belonged to no school of American letters, but immediately made a place for itself. It had its faults—the faults of youth and prodigal abundance—the faults that belong to the land of sun and harvest of which he wrote. And yet to-day it seems that these very faults are a part of its charm, and on the whole, one would not have the book altered or revised in a single line.

And now there comes the second of the trilogy, *The Pit*—a story of wheat markets and speculative greed in Chicago. *The Pit* is a book of fewer pages than *The Octopus,* also of fewer characters, of less lavish conception. It is the skilled work of the mature artist who pursues his idea in a straight line, gaining impetus and power with every page, rising at last to fine and triumphant achievement that brings the reader to his feet, takes him out of himself, leaves him at last in the realisation that a big book—a bit of real literature—is in his hands.

The progress of Curtis Jadwin—the picture of that supreme moment in the Pit were he stands alone with the bears tearing at his throat—these things are not easily surpassed. From the vast periphery of the world the golden tide of grain is whirled into the fierce maelstrom of La Salle Street, where at the central point stands Curtis Jadwin, the towering figure about which every other character in the book is made to revolve. Masterful, good natured, daring, lucky, with little of culture and no very delicate sense of honesty in the matter of a deal, he is the typical Chicago wheat trader whose Pit education is acquired by leaps and bounds until with clear far-seeing brain and limitless confidence in his own judgment and good fortune, he is able to "swing a corner" in the world's greatest cereal, and hold the food supply of nations in his grasp. Every other character in the book is accessory to Jadwin. Sam Gretry, the broker; Landry Court, the clear-eyed, clean-hearted young trader; the Cresslers; old Hargus, the derelict—a bit of drift flung up by the maelstrom—these are some of the figures, drawn to the life, that revolve and eddy and swing about the great speculator—himself caught and flung by the Pit's mighty whirlpool, until the roar of the Exchange, the grind and clatter of the street, the very beating of his heart and throbbing of his brain echo but the one refrain, "Wheat, wheat, wheat—wheat, wheat, wheat!"

*The Pit. Being the second volume of the Epic of the Wheat. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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In *The Pit* as in *The Octopus* love has its part in the story, but with a difference. In *The Octopus* the love element, beautiful though it was, was incidental. In *The Pit* the love, if less beautiful, is of deeper importance, seldom lost sight of, never forgotten, by the reader. The character of Laura Jadwin—an intellectual creature of moods, chasing her own elusive personality in the pursuit of self analysis, actress to her finger tips, sincere in her very insincerity—is one that men will love, women will discuss, and all remember. With Corthill, the artist—an artist in whom we do not quite believe—she forms a picture apart from the others, wherein that side of her character but slightly understood by Jadwin is given its opportunity for a development that seems likely to lead beyond even the swirling outreach of the Pit, which, in common with Corthill, she detests. In her great house, alone, without companions or sympathy, with all the world at her beck, and yet with no single thing that she can hold to her heart and call her own, the reader's broadest sympathy goes out to Laura Jadwin, and he is ready (mind, we say *he*) to forgive her anything.

We wish we had been called upon to forgive her; that Norris had found it within his conception to let her go out with Corthill into the night, and brought Curtis Jadwin, broken in body, mind and purse, to his vast desolate home.

"Old girl—Honey!"

How that feeble cry in the gloom would have told, with only the echo of the empty dark to answer.

We wish, too, that Laura Jadwin might once have looked down from the visitor's gallery upon the fury of the Pit—that she could have seen Curtis Jadwin in the moment of his Waterloo. It is true, she had little interest in this phase of the life about her, but her art instinct, her woman's curiosity, her love, such as it was, for the man himself, might have prompted her to witness "the greatest fight in the history of La Salle Street," where Curtis Jadwin faced the ravening bears alone. We all along expected that she would do this, and we feel that Norris expected it, too. Perhaps when this time came she would not go. She was a creature of moods, and the author is not always master of his own characters.

And this may account for the ending. Norris may have planned her flight with Corthill, yet found it impossible to make her go. As to the object of her affection, perhaps Norris himself knew little. That she loved Curtis Jadwin, we have no further evidence than that she told him so, under certain favourable conditions.

The fact that later she made the same statement to another man, with an equal fervour and against all social canons, lessens the value of this testimony. We love Laura Jadwin, and we feel that Norris loved her, too. But he must have found in her a perverse and difficult heroine.

The Octopus, The Pit, The Wolf—the big conception of one capable of making of it a big reality. The first two have come to us out of the author's youth and strength. The third, *The Wolf,* will never be written.

Yet to those who have read *The Octopus,* and shall read *The Pit,* it will not seem that the author has left his work undone. In *The Octopus* he gave us the scope and magnitude of his full conception. In *The Pit* he more than once projects his thought into the scene and atmosphere of the book that was to follow. Indeed, the final story is suggested throughout, while in one place we are given a brief but graphic picture of the Wolf itself—the famine abroad, resulting from wheat shortage and Pit speculation—"the loaf small as the fist and costly"—the bitterness of the cry for bread. Through the bellow and roar of the Pit we hear the bark and snarl of the Wolf—the gaunt cry of hunger—we picture for ourselves the deadly misfortune of crop failure—the blighting curse of greed. Perhaps it is better that these things should be suggested than amplified. Their detail, as depicted by Frank Norris, would have been masterly, sombre, terrible. Perhaps unconsciously he felt that this book would never be written, and so, without knowing it, made the writing unnecessary. His great work seems completed as it stands;—the Epic of the Wheat is finished.

The Octopus and *The Pit*—two fine novels of a great new century. Already *The Octopus* has become for the

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time at least, a part of our literary history. *The Pit,* just given to the public, is certain of a welcome and a hearing. In many ways it is better than *The Octopus,*—better technically—more direct—shorter—going surer to the mark. Better, but not bigger: It will please many more people, and many people more. Its characters live and breathe, struggle and die. Only, they breathe the narrow, smoke-laden, vitiated atmosphere of La Salle Street, instead of the measureless golden anodyne of California, and then, where shall we find another Annixter, another Hilma Tree, another S. Behrman?

Albert Bigelow Paine.

V.

A. E. W. Mason's "The Four Feathers."*

In reading *The Four Feathers,* it is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Mason wrote *Miranda of the Balcony,* a novel of intense and soldier character, like this one, which eventually found a place upon the stage. There presented, the mettlesome personality of Harry Feversham will probably, in due season, flutter the hearts of Misses, his suffering manhood gracefully embodied in some Hackett or Kyrle Bellew of the metropolitan boards, and the arduousness of his adventures convincingly set forth by the desert dust clinging to his clothing, his haggard and wasting countenance, and the attendant howling Arabs. This aspect of the novel strikes one first and seems obviously the reason for its existence.

A certain amount of style is commonly possessed nowadays by the writers of stories having this strongly impressed matinée character. The words march, as the saying is, and although the procession is sometimes a little ragged, one is never permitted to see it quite disorderly, and the effect of the whole as it passes is one of considerable self-importance. The intertexture of color, incidents and little fevers of emotion has, moreover, the quality of buoyancy; so that no matter how absurd the tale becomes, it is not unreadable. Mr. Mason's story swings along in the desirable way. It is quite correct and conventional from every point of view. It shines with Empire Theatre dramatics and would not require the alteration of a line to delight the mirthful audience at Weber and Fields'.

"Father and son, the Feversham had been soldiers from the very birth of the family." The youngest member of the line, however, does not possess the family insensibility. He has "his mother's dark and haunted eyes . . . his mother's imagination." Although reasonably certain that he is not a coward, he is afraid that, in the test of battle, he will flinch. The stories of cowardice in the field that are told at the dinner table at home by those seasoned warriors, the cronies of his father, have a curious effect upon him.

> He sat with his hands now clinched upon his knees, and leaning forward a little across the table toward the surgeon, his cheeks white as paper, his eyes burning, and burning with ferocity. He had the look of a dangerous animal in a trap.

Next we read of a gathering in Harry's flat, in "the glare from Pall Mall" and overlooking the "myriad lamps of London." It is very smart in the spirited, this-is-man's-life humour.

> "I have come back engaged to be married."
> Durrance lifted his glass to his lips.
> "Well, here's luck to you, Harry," he said, and that was all.
> "Thank you, Jack," Harry replies. "I am glad of your good wishes."

From which fresh and sincere dialogue one gathers that these are gentlemen as well as soldiers.

Learning that his regiment is about to be ordered to Egypt, Feversham hurriedly sends in his papers—because he is afraid he will be afraid. To Dublin he goes, crosses Lough Swilly, and makes his way up the Lennon River, where Ethne greets him on the quay-side. That night there is a great ball at Lennon House. "From the ball room came the swaying lilt of the music and the beat of the dancers' feet." The post is in and there are letters; for Harry an innocent-looking pasteboard box. He opens it, with Ethne, and three white feathers fall

*The Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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fluttering. They were sent, in deadly earnest, by three officers of Harry's old regiment.

The maiden understands.

"Three little white feathers," she said slowly; and then, with a sob in her throat: "This afternoon we were under the elms down by the Lennon River—do you remember, Harry? —*just you and I. And then come three little* white feathers, and the world's at an end."

"Oh, don't!" cried Harry, and his voice broke upon the word.

She plucks a feather from her fan, giving it to him. This makes four. The next morning Harry is seen "still in his dress clothes and with a white suicide's face, hurrying along the causeway by the Lennon Bridge." It is the outset of his pilgrimage—to make the three take back their feathers. To bring this about, he must perform for each some miracle of heroism, and shortly he sails for Egypt, where the army is campaigning in the Soudan.

To Harry's sufferings, captivity, and torture in many disguises the rest of the book is devoted. There is an immense deal about the desert sun, the parching sand, and the hideous, the unspeakable treatment of English prisoners in the House of Stone at Omdurman—the features concomitant with Harry's mission. When one was very young and played the Christian dog dying in the clutches of the brutal Turk, there was nothing very dreadful in the sensation one experienced; and in the agony, this time, of another, there is little more disquieting. The trained sense of the reader of these romances is usually blythe with expectation of some such crowning moment as this:

Trench held out his hand to Feversham. (The latter has rescued him, after untold fatigues, from the House of Stone.)

"Thank you," he said, simply.

The hero pulls out feathers from the breast of his "Jibbeh."

"Will you take yours back?"

"Yes."

"You know what to do with it?"

"Yes. There shall be no delay."

Of Jack Durrance, Harry's boyhood chum and later rival for the hand of the Donegal priggess, one hesitates to speak. He "could never pity a man who died upon active service." "It was a simple creed," the author remarks, but the reader feels that more should be said in praise of it. In the four hundred pages devoted to the feathers, this noble fellow frequently appears upon the scene, and his nobility is never more refreshing than when, after he is stricken with blindness "out there" (the phrase does not occur, perhaps, but this is it), he plays the leading part in steering his rival into the place coveted by both.

It is really difficult to do justice to the beauties of this book—certainly not in a limited space—and hard to wait with patience for its production on the stage. A comforting reflection is that there are others just as good.

Carl Hovey.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH *

Whatever place may be assigned to Thackeray as a literary critic, his use of burlesque in dealing with the kind of fiction which he did not admire made him infinitely more dangerous to the reputation that was not solidly and soundly established than the most savage and truculent literary "bludgeoners" of his day. Most of his critical work was done when he was a young and comparatively obscure writer; when an opinion coming from him carried little or no weight; and yet it did much to undermine some of the popular successes of his time. G. P. R. James, though by no means regarded as a genius of the first order, was in the full swing of popularity, and was widely read as an historical novelist of interest and parts. Much of this popularity was laughed away by Thackeray, who in "Richelieu" in the "Punch's Prize Novelist" series, gave a burlesque which was so close to the original and yet so slashingly satirical as to provoke the prophecy that the parody would probably be read when James's novels would be

* The Novels of William Harrison Ainsworth. Windsor Edition.

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forgotten—a prophecy which has certainly to some extent proved true. The position of Bulwer-Lytton was too firmly grounded for Thackeray to overthrow, and yet it would be impossible to deny that that position was somewhat shaken by the furious fun which Thackeray hurled at him in *The Yellowplush Papers* and elsewhere. These attacks did not disturb the popular belief in Bulwer as a novelist of the first rank; but they made people more distrustful and critical, and led many to find downright pedantry in much that they had regarded before as the ripest and finest scholarship. There was much in Dickens, notably in *Oliver Twist,* with which Thackeray was never in sympathy, though he deemed it best never to say very much on that score.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

But with William Harrison Ainsworth he had no such compunctions, and in the indictment of *Jack Sheppard* contained in the article on Fielding which Thackeray contributed to the *Times,* in which he said "Ainsworth dared not paint his hero as the scoundrel he knew him to be. He must keep his brutalities in the background, else the public morals will be outraged, and so he produces a book quite absurd and unreal, and infinitely more immoral than anything Fielding ever wrote. *Jack Sheppard* is immoral actually because it is decorous;" in his arraignment of the style of the same book, in the article on George Cruikshank which appeared in the *Westminster Review* in 1840; and in *Catherine,* Ainsworth received his most severe critical rebuffs. When we recall that the sales of *Jack Sheppard* exceeded those of *Oliver Twist,* which appeared about the same time, and that Thackeray, conscious of his own

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great powers, was daily wincing under underappreciation and repulse, some of the irritation of the future author of *Vanity Fair* may be understood. But if Ainsworth was overrated by the public for which he wrote, a succeeding generation, by its utter neglect, has evened the account, and as two years hence we shall be noting his centenary with more or less interest, it is very much worth while to take up the new edition of his works which has just been brought out, and to derive a fresh pleasure from the old-fashioned and old-formed tales.

Born in 1805, Ainsworth achieved his first great success when he was twenty-nine years of age with *Rockwood,* which literally took London by storm. The idea of this book came through a rereading of Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho.* Why should not a bold English highwayman be as daring as an Italian brigand and an English manor house as picturesque as a foreign castle? It was the character of "Dick" Turpin which made the fortune of the novel. The most remarkable part of the book, the highwayman's ride from London to York, which in the present edition covers from seventy to eighty pages, is said to have been written in twenty-four hours. *Rockwood* made Ainsworth one of the literary lions of the day. *Crichton,* in some ways the author's best novel, appeared in 1837, and then Ainsworth returned to the field of criminal romance with *Jack Sheppard,* which began to appear serially in *Bentley's Miscellany* for January, 1839. The illustrations were by Cruikshank. *The Tower of London* appeared in 1840, and *Guy Fawkes* in 1841. In the same year with the latter Ainsworth published *Old St. Paul's,* a story of the plague and the fire of 1665 and 1666. This story appeared in the *Sunday Times,* and was probably the first romance ever published in an English newspaper. A year later he founded *Ainsworth's Magazine,* which lasted until 1854. Until the time of his death, which took place in 1882, he continued to be one of the most prolific of English writers, and his industry and fertility of invention is shown by the forty novels which bear his name.

In the sketch of Ainsworth which was included in the *Maclise Portrait Gallery* there will be found a curious and almost incomprehensible blunder. "*Rockwood,*" said Maclise, "was avowedly modelled on the stirring productions of the leading French romanticists—Eugène Sue, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas." Now *Rockwood* appeared in 1834; whereas Dumas did not turn his hand to romance until almost ten years later; and it was not until 1840 that Sue began the composition of his greater novels. True, in 1830 Hugo had written *Notre Dame,* but he was still known chiefly as a poet and a playwright. To the present writer Ainsworth is not in the least like Hugo or Dumas, although, as the chronological order of his novels will show, he did much to popularise English history as Dumas popularised French history. But he lacked Dumas's brilliancy, just as he lacked Hugo's sweep. He was nearest to Sue. He had some of the Frenchman's talent and resource for the handling of scenes designed to inspire sheer terror, and he also surpassed Sue in the fault of overdoing these scenes. Judged by the broadest standards, Ainsworth can never by any possibility be admitted near to the first rank. But as a writer of exciting romance he deserved the success which he won; and a reaction that would take us back for a month of pleasant evenings among the people and the rookeries of his old London would be by no means an unhealthy one.

Beverly Stark.

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VOICE

As silver sifts on white webs when the moon,
  Moving its shafts like fingers through dim leaves,
  Gathers them all at last in shadowed sheaves;
As when this light wins meaning where, at noon,
There seemed no secret, since the eye too soon
  Met taunt and flaunt of colour; as there grieves,
  Unheard by day, a sad night-wind where weaves
The gnome-bug, and the plumed grasses croon—

So your voice sounds. For, dear, the richest word,
  When you have said it, is some way revealed
    Another word, and sudden meaning stirs,
As hidden things the pale night light has stirred,
  To meaning. Then what my dull speech concealed
    Leaps, like a birth of bloom, and ministers.

Zona Gale.

OUR SECRET

Your voice, to me is like the fountain fall
  In some sequestered courtyard, overhid
With flowers of pomegranates burning red—
  Whose rhythmic waters ceaseless calm and call.

Your glance, to me is like a restless star—
  The instant ere it stakes its light on space,
To reel as some wild centaur down the sky,
  Past steadfast orbs enchained to heaven's car.

To me, your touch—ah, no, to all save me
  Let that remain beneath pomegranates red—
In that dim courtyard with the fountain hid,
  A listless languor of the memory!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

A CHEERFUL RETROSPECT

The old-fashioned reader of books may feel at times as if he has a real grievance against the modern publisher. There is much to sadden him in the "yellowing" of the old-time dignified announcements, the giving of prizes for the best title, the guessing contests as to the identity of authors, the voting on portraits of the heroine—all the innumerable and ingenious devices by which the publisher of to-day apparently hopes to achieve something of the prestige that belongs to the purveyors of hair tonics and canned soups.* The true book-lover may take it to heart that in the newspapers the charms of his mistress are daily extolled together with the enduring qualities of woollen trouserings, the excellen-

* Indeed a hope may be held out that at no distant future the possessor of a certain number of book wrappers may attain to a sewing machine or a pianola.

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cies of ingrain carpets, and the coquetries of ruffled pillow-shams. And yet even in so bad a case as he finds himself, there is one trial which the book-lover of the past apparently endured and which he of to-day is spared;—one abuse of the book publishing business which, together with the hoop, the patch, the "truly" book store, and other memories of other days, has been relegated to the Past.

It was in 1759 that one Oliver Goldsmith arose in his righteous wrath and complained of the "State of the Publishing of Books":

"When first brought into fashion," he begins, "subscriptions were conferred upon the ingenious alone, or those who were reputed such. But," he remonstrates, "at present we see them made a resource of indigence, and requested, not as rewards of merit, but as a relief of distress . . . . Scarcely a morning passes, that proposals of this nature are not thrust into the half opening doors of the rich, with, perhaps, a paltry petition showing the author's wants, but not his merits."

To-day, whatever be the private tales of woe that are whispered into the ears of the publishers, whatever be the arguments that melt his heart or stupefy his judgment (for nothing short of that could account for some instances!), they are discreetly buried from sight, and it behooves the book buyer, who already has his burdens, to be duly grateful. Think what we have escaped! Think of the horrors of being beseeched to buy a copy of *To Hold and to Keep* because the author is by her indefatigable industry supporting and educating a large brood of brothers and sisters; of being admonished to read *The Cap of Plantagenet* because the author is the sole support of an aged father, who is also blind; of being begged to buy *The Cur of the Crackerdons,* because the author has scarcely enough bread to place between the teeth of his ten children!

Of a truth, times have indeed changed! It might be interesting to speculate how much was due to Goldsmith's protest, for certain it is that the modern publisher instead of endeavouring to persuade us to buy a book because the bailiff is after the author, knows we are far more likely to buy it because the real-estate agents and investors are after him. Rather than pay a dollar to keep the roof over the head of our author, we would pay two dollars because he has just purchased a ducal estate. The recital of all the misfortunes in the world will not do an author one tithe so much good as the recital of his sales—if they mount well up into the thousands. We are a fairly charitable people—the year-books of our societies are fat with the lists of Patrons and Donors—we rush in ahead of all other nations to care most lavishly for their own afflicted, but it must be admitted that the helping of impecunious authors of any Race is not with us a favourite philanthropy. The clever paragrapher of to-day is he who trains his gun, not at our pity, but at our cupidity. He assures us that the author of *The Emergency* has made enough off his two novels to make the cutting of coupons the favourite pastime of his old age; he permits it to leak out that I——g B——r has invested so shrewdly in aromatic pines that he could buy out a wholesale butcher if he willed it, and the overworked presses cannot turn out copy fast enough for our success-worshipping public. We are told that the author of *A Crimson Duel* has purchased a steam-yacht, and the author of *Naughty Lizzie* an automobile, and our admiration of their literary qualities knows no bounds. No longer do we buy when our eyes are blinded by tears, but when they open with astonishment. No longer do we buy with handkerchief pressed to the eyes, but rather with opera glasses.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

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REFLECTIONS OF A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

A MS. in the publisher's hand is worth two in the author's.

An Editor is known by the MSS. he keeps—and the stamps.

Desperate authors require desperate remedies.

A poet and his poem are soon parted.

In submitting a MS., he who hesitates—is a wonder.

All is not gold that glitters . . . on book covers.

Faint purse ne'er won fair publisher.

A true friend is one who laughs at our jokes.

It is a wise author who knows his own MS. after . . . it has been blue pencilled.

An author's royalties are often far from royal.

No satirist is a hero to his own epigram.

"Many Happy Returns of the Day," applies to the unsuccessful writer all the year round. *Walter Pulitzer.*

DR. WATSON'S WEDDING PRESENT

THE PARTIAL SOLUTION OF A MYSTERY.

I.

SCENE: *The chambers in Baker Street. Holmes discovered lolling on divan and smoking a long pipe. Enter Watson.*

Watson.—Good morning, Holmes! I have missed not seeing you, but I've been *so* busy for the last six weeks.

Holmes.—Glad to see you. Tell me what to give you for a wedding present. I don't approve of marriage on general principles, but Miss Morstan is a fine girl, and it was I who brought you together.

Watson.—Holmes, you astound me! Who told you that I was going to be married? How did you learn that? Why, I haven't told a soul yet!

Holmes.—Humph! Rising young doctor, too busy to see friend, but calls four times a week on a particular young lady. At last comes to see friend, wears brand-new clothes in the morning. Never known to do such a thing before—suspicious circumstance. Woman's long hair on his right shoulder, and a monarch-of-all-I-survey expression. What more do you want? The inference is obvious. I'd congratulate you, Watson, if it wasn't for the wedding present I've got to give you. I feel that this will be the rock on which my reputation will be wrecked. The public expect great things of me, and they must not be disappointed. Tell me about your plans.

(*Leans back in his chair, and pulls at his pipe.*)

Watson.—You're right, Holmes. I hope to make Miss Morstan my wife soon. We shall live Beyond the City, at The Sign of the Four, the crossroads, you know. We shall have A Study in Scarlet, where we can sit Round the Red Lamp, and talk of the wonderful Adventures of Sherlock Holmes; and be a very happy Duet.

Holmes.—Quite so. I'll give you The Hound of the Baskervilles stuffed.

Watson.—Heavens! What an idea! I can see the lonely moor, and the gigantic body of the hound looming through the darkness with its gleaming jaws. The thought of that night, and the long, wailing cries that used to float over the moor, make me shudder. Anything but that. I should have chronic nightmare.

Holmes.—Watson, it is an important matter. Sherlock Holmes can't do as other men would—go into a Bond Street store, hand the clerk a ten-pound note, and say "I wish a wedding present for a friend." Fame has its drawbacks. The public will flock to your house, and say—"Show us what the man who wrote *The Differentiation of Cigar Ashes* gave you." You will say—"Behold—!"—Now what?

Watson.—Why give anything?

Holmes.—My dear Watson, you are my most intimate friend, yet sometimes

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you really are not quite what such a position demands.

II.

NARRATIVE OF DR. WATSON.

My wedding duly took place, and we moved into our cozy little home next door to Micah Clarke of the Firm of Girdlestone. Sherlock Holmes fulfilled his promise and sent a present, which made every one think of the great detective, who had unwound so many tangled skeins. It was an enormous ball of worsted, five feet in diameter, and red and black in colour. With it was a note.

MY DEAR WATSON: I send you this ball, which is like an interesting case, for there is a great deal of unravelling to do before one reaches the heart of the mystery. At irregular intervals you will find clues that will help a truly logical mind to deduce the final outcome.

This is the longest yarn I have ever been connected with. The present is worsted, but I am not; for, long before the last piece shall have been unwound, the public will have forgotten I ever gave a present; and so they can not say "How commonplace!" Therefore, my reputation for wisdom is saved.

That all your fondest hopes may be realised, is the earnest wish of

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

P. S. All the wool must be knit as it is unwound, though part of it is already crow-shade. S. H.

My wife began knitting. The first clue was the book *How to be Happy Though Married.* The second, a mouse-trap for—"matrimony is like a mouse-trap; those who are out want to get in; and those who are in want to get out." The third was—but she has not found it yet.

Perhaps Holmes's "public" would like to guess the ending of his wonderful yarn. If they would not, I will tell them—when I find out.

J. Alston Cooper.

VENICE IN RECENT FICTION

With the prevalent demand for historical novels, it is annoying to the feeble patriot that so little attention has been paid to the Venetian Republic. Surely sufficient material can be found in the lives and loves of the nobility of Venice to keep the book in hand, though its pages may not resound with war-whoops, nor the Continental Army march through its paragraphs. Much has been written of Venice, and graceful, interesting reading it is, but generally of a descriptive character; the romance is left to the imagination of the reader. Of the later novels, there are two from the literary workshops of American writers which faithfully present the Venetian character. The first is *Marietta: A Maid of Venice,* by F. Marion Crawford, and the second, *The Golden Book of Venice,* is from the pen of Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. A collection of short stories written by Max Pemberton, and classed under the name of *Signors of the Night,* goes well with apples and cider, a clean hearth and wild rain on a shingle roof.

The story of Marietta deals with the glass-blowers of Murano, particularly with the Beroviero family and Zorzi Ballarin, whose names can be found in every history of the Republic, the character of Zorzi shading from snow-white to blackest black, according to the individual opinion of the chronicler. It is of no great moment whether or no the Dalmatian in question stole from his master, Beroviero, the secrets of his glass-making, and threatened the old gentleman with his knowledge until he delivered up his daughter. The fact remains that Zorzi got the girl, that she was a very nice sort of a girl, according to Mr. Crawford, with real red hair which did not need a daily sun-burning on the balcony, and that the two founded a dynasty of glass-blowers which made several departures in the glass line.

In the *Golden Book of Venice* there is another glass-maker of note, one Girolamo Magagnati, who was doing his best work at the beginning of the seventeenth century, about a hundred years after the

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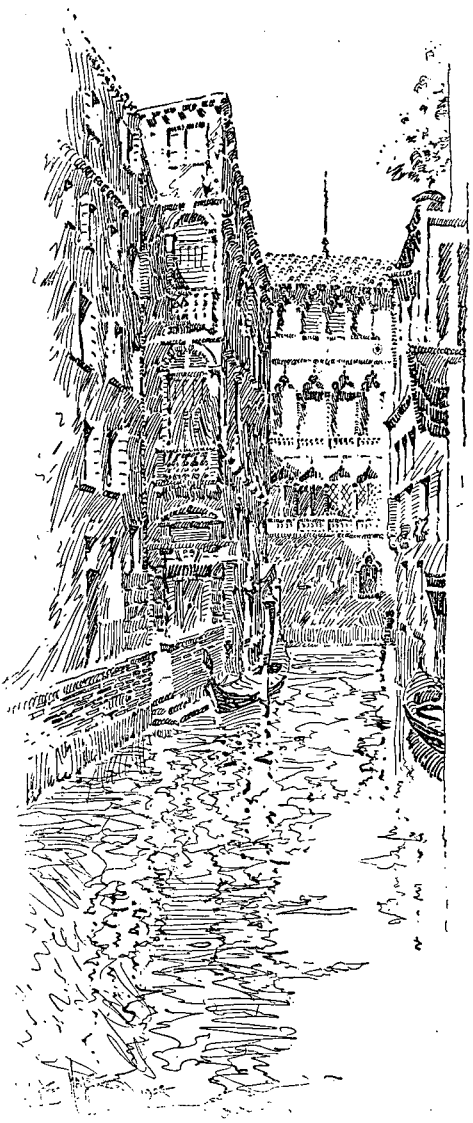
time of Angelo, father of Marietta. He had two daughters, at least in fiction, and here Mrs. Turnbull departs from history, marrying one of them to Marcantonio Giustiniani, a nobleman, after fierce opposition from the Senate. The young lover recalls to them a forgotten instance as far back as 1357, of a patrician who married a daughter of the house of Beroviero and whose marriage this august body approved. The Senate, who was a bit rusty on ancient law, scratched its head as one man and sent for the Golden Book, the *Libro d'Oro,* in which were inscribed the names of all the nobility. There among them was the husband of the glass-maker's daughter, and the wife of the husband of the glass-maker's daughter, and all their little ones, still nobly noble. That settled the question for Mrs. Turnbull. Her "love interest" married, and lived unhappily ever afterward. To him who is given to quibbling there is left a vague indecision, a vacillation between deep respect for Mrs. Turnbull as a graphic historian, and a profound faith in Mr. Crawford as a student of Italian history. Mr. Crawford states that a law was passed in 1357, allowing a patrician to marry a daughter of a glass-blower without affecting his rank, and old Beroviero went about in the attempt to wed the apple of his eye to young Contarini, without fear of the Ten whisking him off his doorstep and paddling away with him to the prison under the leads, which, being interpreted, is the attic of the Doge's palace—and a very warm spot.

In preference to feeding the *blasé* pigeons of St. Mark's, we ventured into the archives of Venice with a mist of interrogations to present to any of the gentlemen engaged by the government to dust the records and fight the moths. In our modest questioning we sought to know if a Beroviero had ever married a nobleman, and if so, was the nobleman a Contarini. We also wished to learn if a daughter of the house of Magagnati married a Giustiniani, and if not, whom and when had they all four married. The young man in waiting wore a striped tie, with hose to match. He did not seem a part of the five-foot volumes lying about; he did not appear to belong to old Teodoro and the wingèd lion, he could be more positively associated with chocolate in the Piazza; but he was excessively polite, and if the enormity of the request staggered him, he showed no outward weakening. He asked us to wait, and we do, and will, and deserve to. If the Senate of the seventeenth century found itself hazy on events of 1357, the young clerk of to-day should be exempt from any date farther back than the Garibaldian period.

As much a part of Venetian life as the patrician and glass-blower, were the gon-



"Casa Contarini."—*Marietta.*

THE PALAZZO CONTARINI FROM THE PONTE VERONA.

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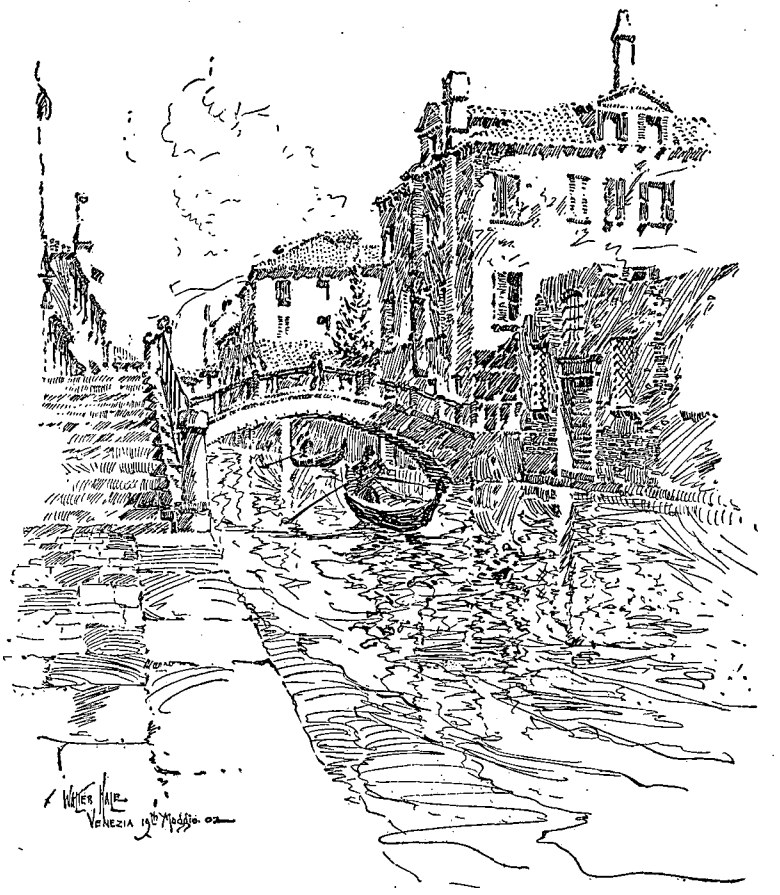
doliers, and of as distinct a type. Their associations might be compared to the unions of to-day, and organised labour could learn a lesson from their brother workmen of 1500. The gondoliers were, and are still, divided into various guilds whose headquarters are the ferries, *traghetti,* scattered along the waterways. Each *traghetto* has its corps of officers who sit in judgment on offending members, visit the sick, and bury the dead. Each has a patron saint stuck up on a long pole at the ferry-house, to whom the gondoliers pray vigorously for more custom than their rival ferries, and while the brotherly spirit of the guild has departed, the organisation has its uses—to the tourist at least—for the gondolier now is a numbered being like a poor jail bird, and any attempt at extortion can be reported to the presiding officer of his *traghetto.*

The desire to overcharge is not a modern development. Mr. Horatio Brown speaks of a gondolier of 1800 who "disgraced himself" by crowding twenty-nine people into his boat and refusing to land them until extra toll was paid, but for this, mark you, he was banished. In ancient times one fared even worse, for many of the watermen had a way of flashing knives when far from shore, followed by the prompt disgorgement of money and jewels on the part of the passenger; and to such lengths was this high-stream robbery carried that a number of fascinating tortures were invented as an incitement to keep the peace. The *barcariol toso,* the unsavoury name that long clung to Piero Salin, was the type of gondolier most given to extortion. He was a man of no ferry, and was probably called, in the language of the guild members, a scab. The poor worm of our country



"Not far from the House of the Agnus Dei, on the opposite side of the same canal, but beyond the Baker's Bridge."—*Marietta.*

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"On the Grand Canal at Venice."—*Marietta.*

"The great palaces at the bend of the Canal Grande."—*The Palazzi Giustiniani; The Golden Book of Venice.*

(The Palazzo Rezzonico, in the distance, was Robert Browning's home, and in the second of the Palazzi Giustiniani, W. D. Howells wrote *Venetian Life.*)

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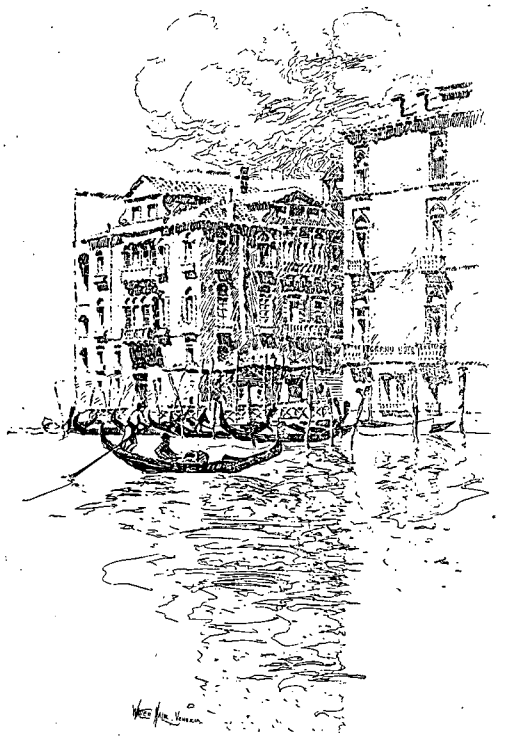
who suffers under the stigma of that name lacks the dashing manner of the unfettered gondolier, who could steal a fare under the very nose of the *gastaldo,* the presiding officer of the *traghetto.* The Piero of Mrs. Turnbull's novel was still a wild rover when he won Toinetta, who, as one of the "brides of Venice," appeared at the festa of San Pietro in Castello, her dowry upon her back, in quest of a husband. It may have been a pretty custom, but "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and even



"The vine-covered pergola of the Traghetto San Maurizio."—*The Golden Book of Venice.*

in that day thought a trifle theatrical by the Magagnati family. There was an element of danger also in the adventure which may have appealed to the maidens of earlier centuries. In 932 the brides were set upon by Istrian pirates, dowries, white ribbons and all, and borne away to the open sea. The big bell of the Campanile (which, alas! will ring no more) clanged the alarm, all Venice turned out, captured the maids, and the ceremony was continued. Which may point no moral unless it be that the course of true love seldom runs smooth.

In the *Golden Book* and in Mr. Pemberton's collection of short stories the power of the one great religious character of Venice is strongly dwelt upon. Paolo Sarpi stands unique as a great priest and a greater statesman, whose sense of justice was unhampered by his duty to the Church, and while practically the ruler of the Republic during its excommunication, or, rather, its refusal to accept the interdict, continued to live as a simple Servite monk. When Rome claimed the right to try the erring ecclesiastics, Sarpi's opinion was the ultimatum of the state. "The dominion of the Church marches in the paths of Heaven," said the friar; "it cannot, therefore, clash with the dominion of princes, which marches on the paths of earth." And during the long two years from 1605 to 1607, Sarpi daily went to and from the Doge's palace, seemingly bearing a charmed life, for though set upon by hired assassins, he recovered, even, to quote a carping biographer, surviving the diabolic treatment of the surgeons.

Mrs. Turnbull's theme is interwoven closely with the remarkable attitude of Venice at this time, and with the true life story of Sarpi, but Mr. Pemberton suggests him only in that he depicts a monk of great influence perfectly in touch with the condition of the Republic. Many of the other types of the short tales are from characters of the city and the mysterious "Ten," the "Signors of the Night," glide in and out with a supernatural aptitude for the psychological moment. Men and women were borne away without a struggle; the word "Ten" seemed to render them devoid of all resistance, and we shall never know whether it was the number or the name that was so terrifying. Primarily the "Ten" were to be looked upon as a committee of safety; by degrees, however, the name was significant only in that none was safe but the "Ten." While in the face of that committee, there was a still more dreaded one call the "Three," who could easily do away with the "Ten" at one gulp, destroying forever the theory that there is strength in numbers. With all this vigilance, the Venetians went on plotting without rhyme or reason beyond the desire to plot. Theirs was a well-constructed Government, wisely, if

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sternly, governed, and the public was heart and soul for the Republic. There is no instance of a plot that in the smallest way succeeded in developing itself. Possibly it was the awful curb that kept the city a unit. Unlike the Medici, which were at the same time the glory and menace of Florence, Venice stands without one family name more powerful than another. The arms of the Republic are everywhere; the arms of the patricians decorate only their palaces, and the lustre of their houses is enhanced when the one seeing the front door and the back door on the same day, and if, by tireless industry, the front door is found before the setting of the sun, as a punishment the back door disappears forever. Hop o' my Thumb, with his bread crumbs, would have a chance possibly, but the tourist and his yard-square map is a dullard.

There is a compensation. If one does not find what one wants, one is sure to discover something just as good. The search for the Baker's Bridge ended up

"Along the Giudecca."—*The Golden Book of Venice.*
"The Giudecca, where the merchant vessels lay at anchor."—*Marietta.*

lion, the emblem of the Doge, is carved upon their façades.

Mr. Ruskin talks very delightfully of "Walks in Florence," indeed, talks more than he walks; and other writers of less lustre but equal charm, are given to meanderings, both physical and mental, over the garden spots of Italy. Little, however, has been said of walks in Venice, and it is a pastime not to be despised. One can walk further, see more, and cover less territory in Venice than in any other city that we cross the water to explore. There is a certain elusiveness about a place of interest which prevents in the Ghetto, where small embryo Shylocks were learning to paddle their own canoes, or gondolas. Mothers sat along the edge of the canals guiding swimming babies tied to long ropes, some few were knitting, and all were gossiping. They were exceedingly cordial, and though they knew nothing of the Baker's Bridge, pointed out with great pride the Temple of Israel. The three hours' attempt to escape from the Ghetto was made worthy of record by a Hebrew who walked six blocks out of his way, assuring us that he could find the house of the Agnus Dei (where Mr. Crawford planted the Geor-

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"The outlines of the old church and monastery on Saint George's Island were hard and clear against the cloudless sky."—*Marietta.*

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"The corner of San Piero."—*Marietta.*

"The Grand Canal of Murano."—*The Golden Book of Venice.*

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gian slave girl), and who refused to accept the smallest—or the largest—coin for his services! He fetched up finally at the old walls of the Convent of the Servi with a triumphant "Ecco!" We could not dampen his enthusiasm, we vowed ourselves delighted with his supernatural knowledge of Venice, and abandoned the search for the mansion with the emblem of the Agnus Dei on the façade, until he quitted our presence. He had served his purpose, nevertheless. For three days the convent walls and the fine old gateway, all that is left of the home of Paolo Sarpi, had dodged us, though we had traced them to the Campo Santa Fosca, where is a statue of the great man, erected near the spot of his attempted assassination.

The Baker's Bridge, that same afternoon, was pointed out simultaneously by two ragged urchins in answer to our query. For a half minute blood came as near being shed as it ever had in an Italian street quarrel, and only the immediate bestowal of a penny apiece stopped the need of a hurry call for the patrol boat. In that remote part of Venice an artist is appreciated. A young girl came out of a house nearby and announced herself *simpatico* with all who paint, living, as she did, in the one-time home of Tintoretto—did the Signor know of him? It was a trying moment for the guardian of the artist who was fairly successful in luring away the crowd of dirty children to give him elbow room; in Venice this is achieved at some expense; with no clods to throw, it must be an unmixed rain of candy, mingled only with threats of the police. And we who are in the habit of terrorising children into almost correct deportment by the mention of brass buttons, are pained to see the lack of respect the Italian youngster entertains for "the force." "Politzia!" they echo in derision. "Politzia!" It is not to be wondered at; the police of their

MURANO.

" . . . the bridge with the Lion of St. Mark on archivolt and parapet."
—*The Golden Book of Venice.*

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country are too courteous to be taken seriously—at least by Americans.

When one is hopelessly lost in Venice and no gondola in sight, a small boy, for a small bribe, will lead him gently to the Piazza of San Marco (it will probably be just around the corner), and he can make a fresh start at the fascinating game of hunting localities. The diminutive knave who escorted us from the Baker's Bridge arranged to work by the hour. He was quite fresh and merciless. After carrying us over the same ground three times we recognised a parcel of women leaning over the neighbourhood well as those we had passed a few moments before; their ill-concealed laughter was unmistakable. It was mortifying, but we swallowed our pride, and having, by some strange accident of fate, stumbled upon the front of the Palazzo Contarini, we compromised with our guide on half a lira and begged that we might look upon his face no more. After the manner of boys, he refused to leave, escorting us one at a time to the rear of the palace to see the spiral staircase, whose beauty is greatly impaired by the tenements built close up to its lovely curves. Our going singly was a crafty device, for in this way

IN THE MERCERIA, VENICE.

"That labyrinth of narrow streets and winding alleys they call the Merceria."—*Signors of the Night.*

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the façade could not escape us, and by means of weird cries as signals we eventually were reunited. Before we found ourselves in the Merceria, the youngster had earned another half lira, at the same time greatly adding to his own importance by fighting off the hordes of children who stopped to criticise the artist's pen-strokes. The degree of pleasure that is reached by these gamins when a familiar scene is recognised on canvas is discouraging to all true lovers of impressionism. We fear that the artistic sensibilities of the children of the street are reared along the lines of coloured photographs, and that the introduction of the "purple cow" would receive a perplexed welcome at the best.

The Merceria eventually leads into the Piazza. On the way one can rest in the Church of San Salvatore and have another look at Titian's "Annunciation," haltingly revealed by a curtain which jerks back like that of an amateur dramatic performance. The sexton makes it so difficult a task that the tourists rain money upon him, and between the pictures inside and the shops outside, dare not go that way unless well provided with coin. It was in the shadow of San Salvatore that Mr. Pemberton's soldier friar terrorised the would-be assassin by the revealing of his identity. It is a mild

"The first long waterway of Murano."

"The buildings looked low and modest, if measured by the palaces of the Greater City."—*The Golden Book of Venice.*

"The house of Angelo Beroviero hung over the paved way, above the edge of the water, the upper story being supported by the stone columns and massive wooden beams."

"The house was not far from the end of the canal of San Piero, which opens toward Venice."—*Marietta.*

enough place in the daytime, but at night all Venice becomes a land of mystery; the quiet, broken only by footfalls or the splash of oars, fills the pedestrian with the realisation of what the city could have been when every shadow may have screened a cutthroat, and any boat contain the silent messengers of the state. Once into the Piazza, it is hard to believe that danger had ever lurked there, even in the time of the Zanni, who, in

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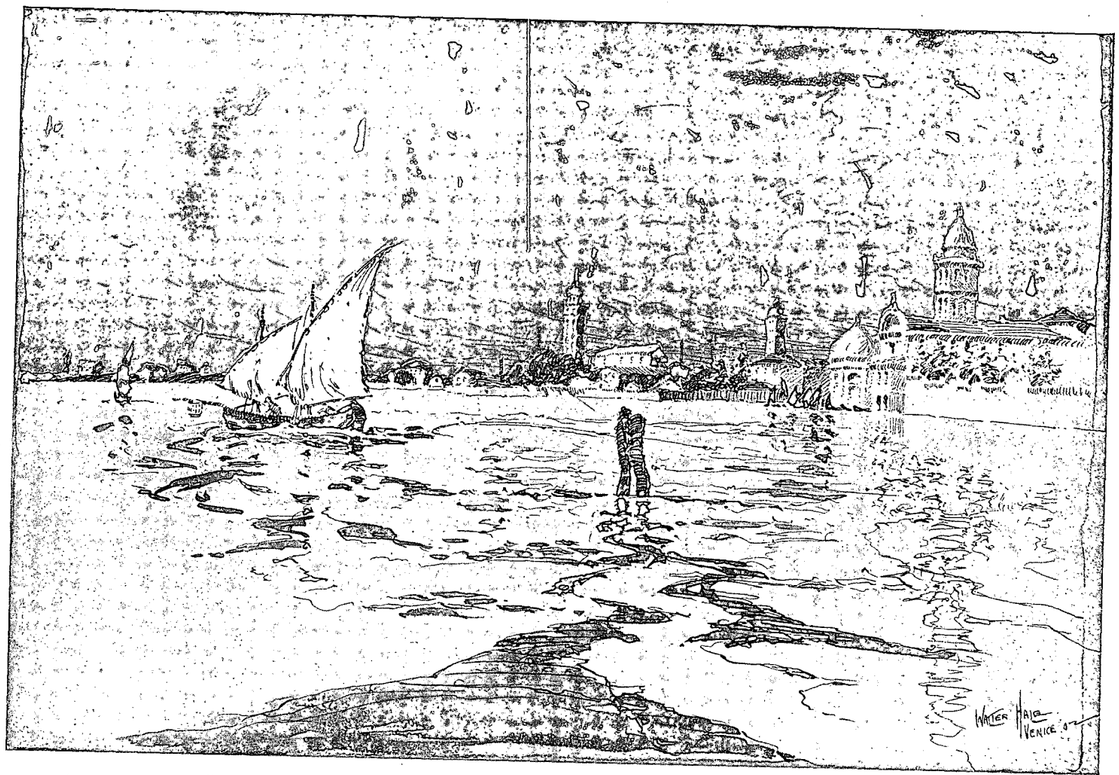

"The sun had been shining hotly on the Island of Murano."—*Signors of the Night.*
"The lagoon that separates Murano from Venice."—*Marietta.*
"The long low line of Murano."—*The Golden Book of Venice.*

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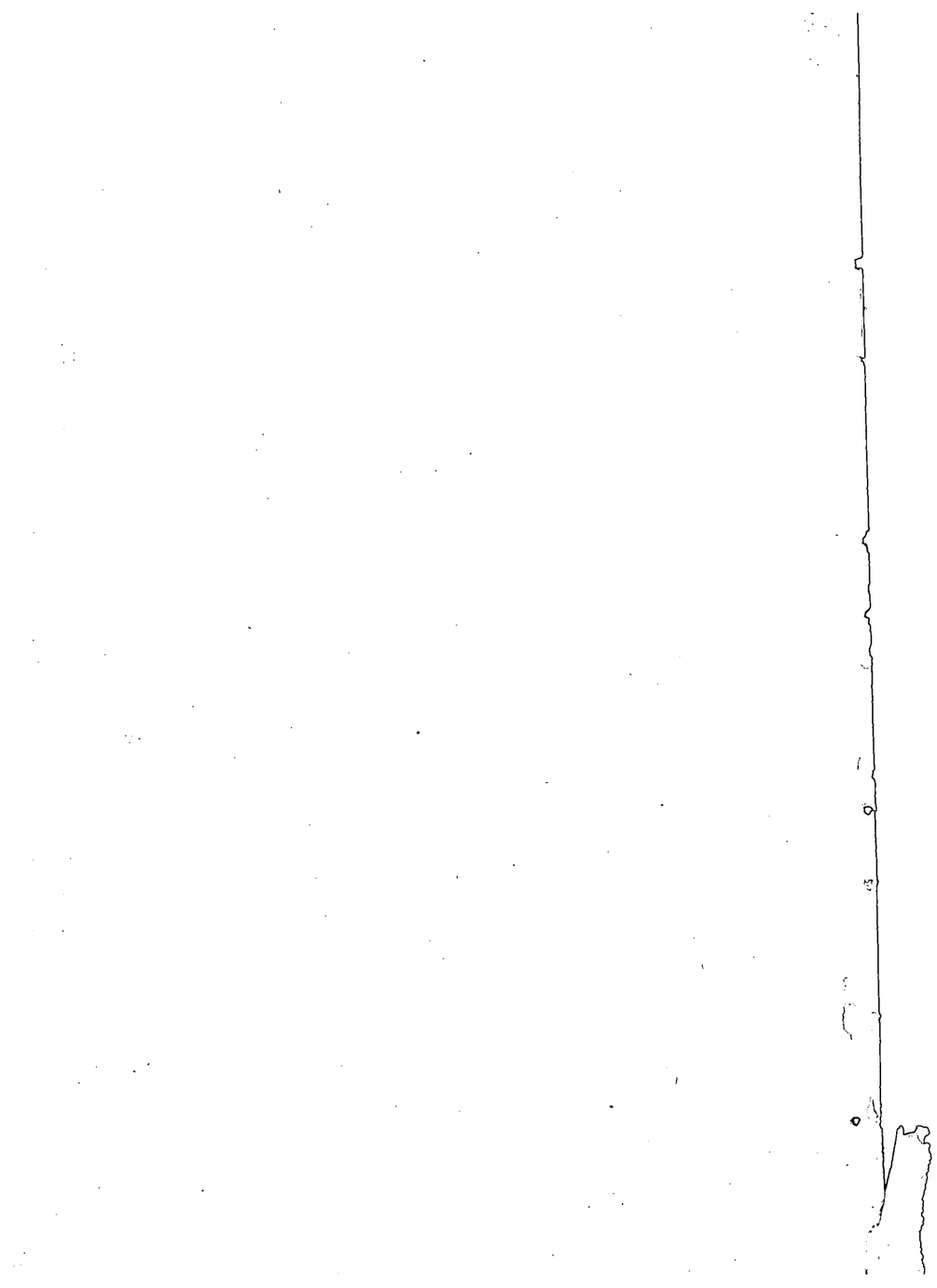

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grotesque contact with the executioner's block, tumbled or grimaced before their wooden booths—so great is the space, so pure is the air and so gay are the people. Mr. Pemberton tells us in pleasant fiction of the great esteem in which the public held the mummers of that day. Now the theatres are a small part of Venice, the only remaining evidence of old Italy being the Marionettes who still delight the people in the comedies of Goldoni.

On the water front of the Piazzetta are a hundred eager gondoliers ready to barter with you for the island of Murano, for Torcello, for America if you would pay the price. You would not walk to Murano even if you had the faith, so delightful is the ride over the smooth lagoon. You are respectfully invited to visit the island of San Michele *en route*, but cemeteries are too modern; you long for the glass-houses, and fancy yourself picking up wonderful bargains from the factories themselves. Alas! an obsequious clerk is stationed in front of each of the fifteen factories remaining. He speaks to you in your own tongue, and invites you to pay the foreign prices, or, at a slightly advanced rate, to make you something from the furnaces direct. Reading as we had of the secrecy of the glassmakers, we watched suspiciously to discover any surreptitious pouring in of molten liquids, but all seemed open and above board, and after the process was carefully explained we left, none the wiser—the glassmaker knows his man—and considerably the poorer. Opposite the principal factories is the house Mr. Crawford described as the home of Beroviero, and possibly used by Mrs. Turnbull as the Magagnati mansion, since few arcaded houses of imposing appearance are left in Murano. It is still a very comfortable-looking place with yellow silk curtains at the window, and wise suburbanites should have thought twice before sending daughters from that placid home to marble halls on the Grand Canal, teeming, as they did, with plots and family skeletons.

A Venetian palace up to date is a dream of comfort and luxury, even though a heating apparatus may be vulgar. After a few cold days, when the wind blows cruelly through the rattly windows of an unremodelled mansion, when one's numb fingers fail to yield to the gentle warmth of four candles, when on rising one leaps from rug to rug like a chamois among the crags to escape the marble floor, there is a feeling akin to sympathy for the Ca' Giustiniani whose manner of living makes such gorgeous reading. At the *traghetto* of San Maurizio they still boast of the devout Lady Beata Tagliapietra (you may remember she half set her cap for Marcantonio), who walked across the canal to her prayers when her father forbade the waterman to ferry her over. Did she carry a *scaldino* of coals as the devotee does nowadays when entering the frigid churches? It would seem by the legend that even a gentlewoman patronised the water cabs, and we wonder if there were always enough gondolas to go around in each family. Did the lady of the house who sighed for shopping anathematise her lord who left the conveyance "teatering" on the waves at his club? did the younger son enjoy a bad quarter of an hour for keeping the gondola out late at night? were the gondoliers ever tardy in "picking up" on the night of a ball? and if so, could the nobleman possibly find the street door to his intricate abode? The palaces of the Giustiniani are the most beautiful on the canal. No minnikin lion adorns them, though a head of the house, but not of these palaces, was one of the last of the Doges. The Lady Marina entertained most lavishly; but were her evenings chilly affairs? Probably the women of that day were not tempted to put bath robes over their dinner dresses; and let us pray that the entire dinner party were never summoned to the water floor to bail out the high tide just as the roast came on. Were the glasses on the table really more lovely than the baubles of to-day? —and then the sun comes out and the air warms instantly under its rays, the water reflects the glory of the day, and we, in our tilting gondola, despise ourselves for a cavilling crew that dares lift an eyebrow over the perfection of Venice, past and present.

Old Magagnati discovered the secrets of colouring glass while leaving it transparent; Beroviero acquired the cunning of enamelling it; Zorzi Ballarin gave mirrors to the world. They left their gifts and made their exit bows, supposedly forever, but we are not yet through with

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them. With the growing love of romance comes the search for material, and the glass-blowers serve posterity better than they knew. The gondolier of 1500 reckoned not on the figure he would play in the construction of a novel. The patrician would have inflicted the prettiest tortures in his collection had he caught a scribe of his day making merry with his family affairs. Chronicles are dull affairs, but the history of Venice is one vast fertile garden for the author and his literary tools. If he is indolent, he can choose his own lodging as an abode for his characters; doubtless a story will go with the house, and a fitting name found on the door-post. He can dress his men and women in the most reckless imaginings of one who knows not hooks and eyes; he can attribute to them all the virtues that are found in fairy tales, or all the vices that he dare dictate to a wilting stenographer. He can do all this at five lire a day, and Venetian history will still outclass him. Historical romance is not a ruthless dissecting of a country's glory; like the pictures of to-day, it disregards the unnecessary, and brings into the white light the salient points of the story, grim or gay. There are painters in Venice by the score, ancient English ladies who sketch, millionaires who dabble, Italians who daub, some students, some workers, some artists. Under the weight of all this reproduction the beautiful city is crumbling away. May the *litterati* know her better ere she slips into the sea.

Louise Closser Hale.

MR. KIPLING: WHERE DOES HE STAND?

Mr. Kipling and the public have had a magnificent run together, and now there is a natural halt, and a mood of quiet and surmise. What of the future? That is to say, what of the past? Have we seen Mr. Kipling training or racing? Have we been to the rehearsal or the play? I do not imagine that I can begin to answer this question, but neither do I suppose that readers of THE BOOKMAN would wish me to deal with any other. It is the question of the hour in regard to Mr. Kipling; there is no other vital question; and the least and the most that can be done is to jot down such thoughts as seem helpful to discussion.

The main, perhaps the only, thing to seek out is the true nature of Mr. Kipling's achievement. And by his achievement must be understood his purely literary success as judged in the quiet of one's own mind, and in the company of one's own books and standards. This would go without saying in the case of any other living writer. In Mr. Kipling's case it is necessary to affirm that just as we do not judge of the real value of a victory by a "Mafficking" night, so one must not judge of Mr. Kipling's literary value by the noise and racket of his progress, nor by the prospects of the mineral water trade at Burwash. At the present time, as I have indicated, we hear little of either, and a quiet pow-pow seems possible.

If there is one thing on which Mr. Kipling's ardent and less ardent admirers are agreed, it is that he has extraordinary power to observe and assimilate facts. But it is too much forgotten that literature does not live by facts alone, however new and strange and picturesquely woven, and that the important thing is not how many facts a writer can fling on our vision, but to what use he can put them. It is just here that a brain like Mr. Kipling's is at once great and disappointing. Mr. Kipling sees so much, and so clearly, that he has no space for himself or for us; it is all matter of vision, and the attention is held as by the surprises of a magnifying glass. The attention is held, but the mind rather rebounds from the picture than absorbs it. You may remember what Byron—who had all Kipling's intensity of vision and all his hunger for fact—said about Rome. He said, writing to Murray, "I am delighted with Rome—as I would be with a bandbox, that is, it is a fine thing to see, finer than Greece . . . but I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory selects and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they

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may be less distinct. There must be a sense or two more than we have, as mortals, which I suppose the Devil has (or t'other); for where there is much to be grasped we are always at a loss, and yet I feel that we ought to have a higher and more extended comprehension." For this higher and more extended comprehension Byron was content to wait, and if you would see what such waiting did for such a writer read the description of Don Juan's entry into London, with the highwayman incident on Shooter's Hill, the long coach-ride through "Kennington and all the other 'tons,'" past Mount Pleasants, "little boxes framed of brick," "through 'Rows,' most modestly called 'Paradise,'" and so on, right up to the river, and the "lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam," and the hotel door in St. James's with its "tide of well-clad waiters"—all written years after Byron had left London never to return, all suffused in personal feeling, and every now and then passing from detailed vision to some large and usual matter calmly worded, as

> The sun
> Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
> Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

Now this appeal to Byron's handling of the seen world is irrelevant if it does not suggest what I wish to suggest, viz., that the abundance and sharpness of vision which are commonly considered Mr. Kipling's greatest possession must not be confused with true literary power over things seen. Mr. Kipling assuredly has the power to make us see as he sees, but there is a sense of physical strain and of the transitoriness of physical effort. It is true that while we read we are gripped, amused, touched to tears, and generally annexed. And if this is enough, if this domination is the mark of true literature, then our time has shown such literary sense in its worship of Mr. Kipling that the critic's occupation may be considered gone. The generation that can so promptly choose and applaud the real thing has no need of guidance.

Mr. Kipling's services to the Empire in awakening men to knowledge of it, and to sympathy with its remote inhabitants, have been very great, perhaps incalculably great; but they scarcely come within the scope of this article. If, however, it is held that they cannot be left out of any estimate of his literary achievement, then I should suggest that here also great things have been done, but not the greatest or the finest. It cannot be said that the general conception of the Empire in Mr. Kipling's writings is one to satisfy the best mood of an Englishman. He has made vivid what was, but he has not made hopeful what ought to be. Nor has he appealed to the finest powers and graces of English character in the work of Empire-building. His patriotism has been intense and timely, and its sincerity is complete; but in moral depth and range it will not compare with the formative patriotism that breathes through the writings of Mr. Meredith.

Look at Mr. Kipling's work how and where one will, it grips you and leaves go; it is, and then it is not. His rhythms may haunt the ear, and the eye may recover the dusty parade-ground of Fort Amara; or the long red fires of the railway sleepers burning the dead whom even Jim Hawkins could not save; or Durga Dass, in his cee-spring buggy, complacently deciding to pull down the house where Ameera lay dead, or the view from Lalun's window, "the red tombs of dead Emperors beyond the river, and very far away through the blue heat-haze a glint of the snows of the Himalayas;" or that unforgettable picture,

> By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
> There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
> For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
> "Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
>
> Come you back to Mandalay,
> Where the old flotilla lay;
> Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
> On the road to Mandalay,
> Where the flyin'-fishes play,
> An' the dawn comes up like thunder
> Outer China 'crost the Bay!—

all these, and many another scene may return by chance, in the hurly-burly of the memory, but do they obey any imperative call of thought or feeling?

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Yet there is one work of Mr. Kipling's which escapes this great limitation. It is now generally held that his best work is the *Jungle Book,* and this article has been written in vain if it does not suggest why this judgment is so general and so just. Precisely because he has no impulse to draw individual character but only collective character, Mr. Kipling succeeds wonderfully in a field where only tribal or collective character calls for portrayal, and where the emotions evoked can be studied with all the personal detachment inherent in the nature of the subject. Where real individuality does not exist, or at least is not capable of literary portraiture, we accept the character of a family or a species of animals as supreme, and when that is embodied, as Mr. Kipling has embodied it, in Shere Khan, the tiger, and Bagheera, the black panther, Baloo, the sleepy brown bear, and the contemptible Bandar-log the monkeys, and, above all, in the man-cub Mowgli—that wonderful link between man and beast—then there is an end to criticism and limitation. Here Mr. Kipling has brought his ascertained powers to material on which they can produce a unique effect. I will quote, for the sheer joy of doing so, the scene in which Mowgli defends himself to his tutors Baloo and Bagheera, for having consorted for an hour with the Monkey-People.

"When Baloo hurt my head," said Mowgli (he was still on his back), "I went away, and the grey apes came down from the trees, came down from the trees and had pity on me. No one else cared." He snuffed a little.

"The pity of the Monkey-People!" Baloo snorted. "The stillness of the mountain stream! The cool of the summer sun! And then, man-cub?"

"And then, and then, they gave me nuts and pleasant things to eat, and they—they carried me in their arms up to the top of the trees and said I was their blood-brother except that I had no tail, and should be their leader some day."

"They have *no* leader," said Bagheera. "They lie. They have always lied."

"They were very kind, and bade me come again. Why have I never been taken among the Monkey-People? They stand on their feet, as I do. They do not hit me with hard paws. They play all day. Let me get up! Bad Baloo, let me up! I will play with them again"

"Listen, man-cub," said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. "I have taught thee all the law of the Jungle for all the peoples of the jungle—except the Monkey-Folk who live in the trees. They have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when they listen, and peep, and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter, and pretend they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter, and all is forgotten. We of the jungle have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where they hunt; we do not die where they die. Hast thou ever heard me speak of the Bandar-log till to-day?"

"No," said Mowgli in a whisper, for the forest was very still now Baloo had finished.

"The Jungle-People put them out of their mouths and out of their mind. They are very many, evil, dirty, shameless, and they desire, if they have any fixed desire, to be noticed by the Jungle-People. But we do *not* notice them even when they throw nuts and filth on our heads."

He had hardly spoken when a shower of nuts and twigs spattered down through the branches; and they could hear coughings and howlings and angry jumpings high up in the air among the thin branches.

"The Monkey-People are forbidden," said Baloo, "forbidden to the Jungle-People. Remember."

"Forbidden," said Bagheera; "but I still think Baloo should have warned thee against them."

"I—I? How was I to guess he would play with such dirt. The Monkey-People! Faugh!"

Here we may end, for this is Mr. Kipling's top notch. Only extraordinary powers could have produced the *Jungle-Book;* and although the effect may owe something to the material and something to Mr. Kipling's haunting limitations, yet the book lives, and must live. It satisfies a definite sympathy in the human mind, and one may say that on its pages is the dint of the inimitable.

Wilfred Whitten.

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THE VIOLIN

I hold between my quivering hands
A violin new-strung,
Wrought of a master builder's love
To be the vibrant tongue
Of the unseen, and utter sounds
For mortals yet unsung.

Mute though it lies and musicless,
My breath upon the strings—
Warm with the love that bares to me
The mystic soul of things—
Wakens the slumbrous tones and stirs
Melodious murmurings.

Musing with memory and dream,
And dumb with the desire
That in this fibre buried deep
The builder's heart of fire,—
O Violin, the magic bow
Is all the gods require.

Out of the silence of your soul
To smite the rhythmic flame
Of pain and rapture, and attain
The builder's wondrous aim,
Sounding through all the universe
The demiurgic Name.

O Violin, my Violin,
'Tis awesome to command
The silences to utter sound!
The wise gods understand
How all day long the magic bow
Lies moveless in my hand.

Elsa Barker.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

What follows here is likely to be digressive, the subject being a kind of play that the mind naturally wanders away from. It is impossible to stick very close to your text when the text is that of Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Winston Churchill; and, with the delightful exception of Mr. Esmond's *Imprudence,* the lighter plays of the last two months have been of that order. Had we an artist's soul we should be somewhat soured by what we have gone through. As it is, we have fought down all bitterness of heart by the aid of a little philosophy. A man needs philosophy more for the commonplaces of this world than he does for its miseries, ennui being a steadier foe than pain. We therefore offer our philosophy of the commonplace in the American drama and literature. It is not deep, but it is at least bland, and it may help to allay irritation in certain moods. There is enough polished sarcasm, and of cynicism there is already too much. What we need is something that will aid us in matters of routine.

In the first place we swear by all that is holiest in democracy, by the boiled onions of the plain people, by their even plainer wives, by the firesides of Tom, Dick and Harry, by the sanctity of the bigger figure, by the sacred whoops of the majority, that the usual man is not to blame for wanting the usual thing. Hallcainery has its place in the world. Indeed, we believe it altogether healthy, hopeful, and respectable, and if we thought otherwise we should lose all faith in representative institutions. There are a few who never weary of saying spiteful things about literary mediocrity. They have no patience with development or kindliness for beginnings; they would condemn every tadpole as a sort of apostate frog. Why are they so petulant with majorities? Humanity would pine away on masterpieces; yet many would have you think that the journey from savagery to high art must be made in total silence, with nothing to read on the way. Our plays are relatively good, being no further below the drama than they are above tom-toms and human sacrifice. Blessed is vulgar "reading-matter," for without it people might eat one another. No race ever sinks from Hallcainery into barbarism; it rises from barbarism to Hallcainery, whence in time it may emerge.

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And who shall say that our plays are not as good as our politics, or our writers as our Senators? Do we expect brilliancy in our statesmen? We are thankful enough in this country for a good candidate, let who will be clever. If a large city can, after intense intellectual efforts, choose for its mayor a man who merely will not steal from it, we consider it a triumph of the suffrage. So moderate are our expectations in this field that if ordinary intelligence be superadded, it seems a piece of luck. We are overjoyed at any sign that the nation's choice is up to the nation's average; and time and again you hear a thing called statesmanlike, which in private life would be just on the safe side of sanity. Mr. McKinley's refusal of a third term was regarded as a masterstroke of wisdom, and we have read praises of Mr. Roosevelt's achievements which are deserved as well by anybody we ever knew. Nobody praises us when we come home sober of an evening, or speak a good average sentence, or draw a good average breath; and sturdy virtues that keep us out of the police court for weeks at a time are not even mentioned by the family. But by these negative signs you can often tell a statesman, for politics is a place of humble hopes and strangely modest requirements, where all are good who are not criminal and all are wise who are not ridiculously otherwise. Any one who is used to the accidents of majorities should acquire this habit of mind. But the literary and artistic people persist in the most exorbitant demands at a point where the least should be logically expected, that is, the tastes of a crowd. And if the majority is against them, they scold it and the thing it chooses, and having lost their tempers and tired their friends, and troubled a number of honest creatures who have not the least idea what it is all about, they feel they have been doing wonders for what they call artistic standards. Right enough views, but the wrong occasion. We expect only peace in a cable car; for ecstasies we must look somewhere else.

If high art deserves its ecstasies, low art deserves its consolations; and if there is any way of making better terms with humdrum and escaping the spasms of reform, it is our plain business to find it. St. Paul said, keep the body under. We say unto you, keep the mind under on seeing American plays. Be "contentit wi' little and canty wi' mair;" smile though the smile looks sometimes like a rictus; get the point of view of the original erect ape-man (*pithecanthropus erectus*); and if at any time you are afflicted by a play that is particularly bad and popular, consider the growth of our manufactures and sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." To express one's own tastes is reasonable, but to worry too much over other people's leads to a useless violence. Some wish to murder Hall Caine. We believe it would be inexpedient to do so, and possibly wrong. We believe Clyde Fitch as truly represents New York as Senator Peffer did Kansas or Mr. Bryan the West; and the more we see of audiences the surer we are that to massacre is the only way to reform.

It is by allowing time for these reflections that we are able to mention with equanimity certain plays of the last two months. *The Eternal City* is a good average melodrama. It is better than *Ten Nights in a Barroom,* and its audiences are better dressed. Apart from its value as a social indicator, it was worth seeing for its scenery and its good stage management, and especially for the excellence of its villain as played by Mr. Frederic de Belleville. And here is a thing that the grumbling part of us ought to remember. There is seldom a play which is not at some point made good by the acting. Playwrights may do their worst, but there is always this mitigation. In *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* Clyde Fitch did little or nothing, but Mr. Arthur Byron, as the suspected Hungarian nobleman, and Miss Amy Ricard as the "girl from Butte," made the effect agreeable; and if in *The Girl with the Green Eyes,* another Clyde Fitch play, Clara Bloodgood had not been ten times as creative as the author, it would have been hard to see it through. Clyde Fitch is only a student of demand, but there are sure to be people in his companies who do their work for the pleasure of it. He profits by the results, and so do we. And so it goes. Plays are never so bad as by the author's intent they ought to be. The players are always doing wonders in the forlornest kind of hopes. To be sure, *The Crisis* stirs even our chastened democratic bosom to something like

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revolt. It was below the line of charity. That Mr. Hackett could do nothing with it is not to his discredit. Angels could no more. The papers praised it as an attempt at a genuine American drama on account of its great national subject, but when Mr. Churchill is upon them all subjects look alike. In this instance the play was no worse than the book. In *Audrey*, on the other hand, a play made up from the splinters of Miss Johnston's novel, the lines gave no clue to the merits of the original. A better dialogue could certainly have been picked out from the book. But in spite of its defects and in spite of a queer, malarious hero, who drove the romantic fancy to its last ditch, Miss Robson not only saved it, but gave it the thing that we believe is called atmosphere. Whatever it was, it all came from her, the dramatist not having lifted a finger to help her. Another play that would not be worth mentioning except for the fact that a woman rescued it, was *Gretna Green;* but here Miss Tyree created nothing. She was merely personally agreeable, and it was largely a matter of good looks, and of certain small graces, which usually go with the looks. A few years ago, in *Unleavened Bread* she actually made a character; but in the present play there was no chance for it, and a simple exhibition was enough. It used to be enough for Mrs. Langtry, but on one night at least the audience at *The Crossways* showed signs of demanding something more. It was a sardonic audience, inclined to laugh at several very serious passages, and when at the very crisis the heroine, reading the reports of the races, announced to the tortured Sir Charles, whose honour hung in the balance, that his horse had "Won! won! won!" (with all the passion that would have punctuated a request for a cup of tea), the audience actually did laugh and put on its hat. The play was as conventional as wall-paper, and Mrs. Langtry herself seemed to take no interest in it.

These are the plays that throw us back on our own resources. Since most of us spend our days like a tale that is told, we have no right to complain. They are quite as good as most men's reveries, and if you are sure that you yourself are superior, why, then, may it please you to go and feel more so. But do not forget that they are, as a class, representative and are here for a century to come, and that if twenty years rolled away from your battered old intellect, and with another boy and a pound of candy you were at the matinée, you would see more things than are dreamed of in your philosophy; and, above all, never start out of an evening armed to the teeth with art criticism. That is another game.

Mr. Esmond's *Imprudence* belongs to a very different order of things. The comments we have read and heard do not agree with this, for though favourable, they ran it in with the rest. Yet seen in a two months' perspective, it seems to have nothing in common with any of the lighter plays this season. Mr. Pinero did this kind of work long ago, when he was willing to be less tremendous. As compared with *Sweet Lavender,* or *Trelawny of the Wells,* Mr. Esmond's play showed less theatrical emphasis. There were fewer points in it, and we presume a technical and learned person could easily prove it less dexterous in its stagecraft. But it was far above them in its courtesy to our intelligence. Had it been heavier, we should have heard more about it, for the dull thing is always easily definable. The people talked as you wish they only would talk, stopping with suggestion, taking many things for granted and not waiting for effects. Even Mr. Pinero is far too much afraid that some people may miss the point; while in the class of plays we have been speaking of, a hammer goes with every idea. That some did miss the point appears from the fact that they mentioned the play in the same breath with *The Stubbornness of Geraldine.* It was not one of those plays which can be resolved into its elements, and its spirit did not get into the newspapers. Like the better things in literature and in the drama, there is nothing in it you can put your finger on to account for the effect. The plot was not remarkable, save in transgressing a very rigorous stage law, since the hero, instead of believing everything that was said against the unjustly accused maiden and immediately giving her up, stood by her and proved her innocence. It is the first time it has happened this year. Stage-lovers, no matter how intelligent, believe anything of each other that any one tells them, and though they suffer terribly, never dream of doing anything

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about it. They part instantly at the first word of the wicked, though they have known each other all their lives, and remain apart on evidence that would not fasten suspicion on an ex-convict. When by accident the lady discovers that her lover is not a felon, or the gentleman that his mistress is not the basest of her sex, they rush into each other's arms, saying it was all a mistake; but if there is any apology it is always drowned by the orchestra. All this was exactly reversed.

Miss Fay Davis as the suspected maiden not only caught the volatile spirit of the play, but gave points to some better known actresses who fear that a certain delicacy and reserve will lessen the carrying power of their charms. It is a very alarming thing to see the feminine graces so powerfully set off on the stage; and allowing for the necessary exaggeration, we still think a lower key would serve better. In society parts especially our women over-act, and in contrast to the colossal coquetry we sometimes see and the heavy artillery of good manners that is often trained on us, the natural, unformulated and unaggressive charm of Miss Davis's acting was delightful.

It should surprise any one who has struggled with Mr. Cable's *Cavalier* to see what the playwrights and Julia Marlowe together have made of it. Somehow, out of its confused and uninspired pages Mr. Kester and Mr. Middleton have extracted material for a play which, while not in any sense remarkable, is intelligible and interesting. The dialogue is not above the ordinary, but it is a good story (far better than in the book), and well told. In the more serious parts Miss Marlowe had full command of her talents, but she could not carry off very well certain rather dull speeches and spiritless intervals. Her playing, as a whole, justified the very high praise it received. Mr. Frank Worthing, about whom dark deeds naturally cluster on the stage, made a most satisfactory scoundrel, actually winning several naïve hisses.

Some people thought Mr. Sothern ought not to venture *Hamlet*, and owing to the difficulty of unmaking an opinion once formed, felt constrained to find fault with the result. A fiction gathers around certain players that they can or cannot do certain things. Mr. Mansfield's absurd Brutus received far more praise than Mr. Sothern's Hamlet, as a result of mere critical momentum. Every one has learned to expect a great deal from Mr. Mansfield from seeing him in similar parts, and his Brutus was sheltered by certain very real past successes. Mr. Sothern had to break up the habit of his critics. The part was too large for him, but so it would have been for any of our present players. He dealt fairly with a great subject and the play did not jar on the nerves at any point, except, perhaps, in the king's lines, spoken by a player who evidently did not know what they meant. A most inoffensive Hamlet, and that is saying a great deal, for we are prepared to take offence at almost any Hamlet, having certain pet notions of our own, as well as a disastrously clear recollection of Booth. Mr. Sothern's Hamlet was an undeniable and well-earned success in a field where we are all more or less prejudiced, where if we were not prejudiced it would be so much the worse for us, since it is a beggarly imagination that cannot fashion with the aid of Shakespeare a better Hamlet than he will ever see.

F. M. Colby.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

During the Christmas holidays we were out in the country, reading Conan Doyle.

I.

From Thayer, Missouri:

Should the proverb begin: "a stitch *on* time" instead of "a stitch *in* time?" We say: "the train is *on* time," "he is always *on* time," etc.

What we say in other phrases does not matter. The proverb, of course, should be quoted in its own language, and it begins, "A stitch in time."

II.

Just to give our readers a specimen of the sort of letter which we are often expected to answer, and which we never by

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any possibility shall be induced to answer, we publish the following. A gentleman asks us to fill out bibliographically the subjoined list:

Best Histories of Music,
Painting,
Sculpture,
Architecture,
Singing,
Science (general),
Art,
Belles-Lettres.
Treatises or Text-Books on Music,
Painting,
Sculpture,
Architecture,
Singing,
Vivisection,
Geology.
Nature,
(Animals)
(Vegetation)
Best Geographies of World (complete).
Best Books on Stock Exchange.
Military Tactics (Infantry),
(Cavalry),
(Artillery).
Naval Tactics.
Diplomatic Service.
Diplomacy.

Now what do you think of that?

III.

While we are about it, let us give one more specimen of this same flattering confidence in our judgment, and of the same optimistic view of the amount of time at our disposal. In printing this letter, which comes from Salem, Iowa, and from a bookseller whose letter-head announces that he makes "Bibles and devotional books a specialty," we preserve the italicisation and capitalisation of the original:

Many inquiries are and have been made by adult readers and students for *the very best books descriptive of Colonial customs, life, people and times;* and in order to give the most trustworthy information, I make the inquiry below. We will be very grateful for the best information you are able to give us. Will you kindly compile for us a list of the BEST BOOKS ON COLONIAL LIFE AND TIMES. A list of the best written, most valuable, trustworthy and interesting books obtainable, which have been published during the past TWENTY years or more concerning the TIMES—MEN, WOMEN, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, USAGES—THE HOME AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE
COLONIAL PERIOD
for general reading and study for those who want the best that has been produced. . . . NOT fiction or biography, but
HISTORY OR "HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION."
Any way, of specially designating those of particular interest and most desirable, will be helpful and very greatly appreciated.

Now let us proceed to something else.

IV.

The correspondent who wrote some time ago asking us for our opinion of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* from a moral point of view, has now sent us a personal letter about this matter. He says that he "insists" upon receiving an opinion from us. He encloses an envelope, stamped and addressed, and also a blank sheet of paper, so that we shall have no excuse for declining on the ground of expense. This is a very persistent gentleman, but we are pretty persistent ourselves. We said in a former number of this magazine that if he will tell us what he thinks about *Tess,* we will tell him whether we think that what he thinks is correct. This is the best that we can do, and we stand by it. Meanwhile we have used his postage stamp and sheet of paper for other purposes.

V.

The following letter from New Brighton, New York, requires no comment, except perhaps the remark that we do not think that Mr. Hough necessarily borrowed his title from Thackeray, inasmuch as the title is so very obvious a one:

A correspondent in section IV. of the December Letter-Box asks you a question about *The Mississippi Bubble.* Though you have not read the book, you doubtless will perceive that the title is borrowed by Mr. Hough from Thackeray's Roundabout Paper entitled *A Mississippi Bubble,* in much the same fashion as Mr. Wister appropriated to his own use another of Thackeray's titles, viz.: *The Virginians.* In the first case the change of the

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article is no more material than the omission of the *s* in the latter.

VI.

A letter signed "A Newspaper Man," and written from New Orleans, is evidently the production of a disciple of the late Alfred Ayres. He is troubled about some things that we said in the December number:

On page 405 you say "past two months." Writing in December you probably refer to November and October. You *should* have said *last*. Any two months among the thousands this world has seen, are *past*. Then, again, you state some one or other is "*anxious* to qualify." Look up the meaning and derivative of the word, and in the future use *desirous* unless you intend to convey the idea of fear—anxiety. Now be good—at least as far as two words are concerned.

Strictly speaking, this gentleman's first criticism is fair enough, though we should hardly have thought it worth his while to make it. But as to "anxious," we are willing to stand by that, even though we have not deemed it necessary to look up the meaning and derivation of the word. We really hold that the Laurinburg lawyer was literally "anxious" to qualify, and that he must have been under the influence of fear, anxiety, and all sorts of emotions before he evolved his question about the rabbit's nose, which we still think of with pain and pity.

VII.

From a lady in Berkeley, California:

I fear that my question will seem a bit prosaic after the whimsical inquiries concerning the basking rabbit and the crooked pins. And I hasten to say that I am not a "lady librarian." So to the query. After a college course in French, I would like to read more of the best novels. Will you help me to avoid wasting time in translating things that are not worth the effort, by giving me a list—as long as you care to make it—of some of the best novels of the last century? Please omit those of Victor Hugo—we read a number of his works in college.

We advise this lady to get a copy of Dr. Wells's *Century of French Fiction* and to read carefully what he says about the different novels of the last hundred years. She will thereby not only secure the information that she desires, but will have the pleasure of reading some very admirable and stimulating criticism. We print the second paragraph of her letter, not because it helps us out at all on the main question; but because of its intelligent estimate of the Junior Editor's solution:

Just a word regarding Sherlock Holmes's wedding present. The idea of "the editor with the golf sticks" is certainly crude. Would it not have been truly characteristic if Holmes had contrived in his own ingenious fashion to find what Dr. Watson and his bride had most wanted for their new home, but had been forced to cut from the list, since the doctor's purse was not over-plethoric? You will probably think that this is begging the question, after all.

VIII.

A crisp little note comes to us from Bath, New York. The lady who wrote it has really found us out. She is a true Sherlockian.

Oh, come! Why this unwonted shyness? You know that you consider Miss Carolyn Wells "the greatest living American poet;" so answer "The Lady from Cairo" honestly, and don't dodge behind tombstones.

IX.

A letter unsigned and undated:

The public schools have apparently decided that in reading numbers "and" is not to be used except at the decimal point. For example, 725 is read "seven hundred twenty-five." But I notice that all of the best magazines, including THE BOOKMAN, print it "seven hundred and twenty-five." Some pedagogues look as serious over that "and" as over "we was" and "I seen." How important does it seem to you?

Infinitesimally unimportant.

X.

The following letter from Butte, Mon-

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tana, shows that the writer is interested in the little touches that really count:

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX: In the concluding sentence of the January Letter-Box you use a phrase which at first sight aroused a thrill of delight because its use by THE BOOKMAN gave it a prestige which it heretofore lacked in my estimation. I refer to the use of "had better" in the sentence, "He had better send his soul to the laundry."

The phrase in question was formerly one of my favourites, but for some time past I have found it entirely superseded by "would better," and after some consideration I reluctantly adopted the latter form. But to see THE BOOKMAN use a phrase which I had convinced myself usually involved an irreconcilable union of tenses makes it necessary for me to go over the ground once more, and I think that I shall not be the only one interested in an authoritative exposition of the matter by the literary heavyweights of THE BOOKMAN.

The discussion of this matter does not greatly tax one's intellect. "Would better" is one of those neologistic freaks which are caught up and propagated by persons who think that they have got hold of something very special, and the use of which will delude others into thinking them Enlightened. As a matter of fact, "would better" is not English, and it has no good authority; whereas, "had better" is thoroughly established as an idiom of the language, and it has remained such for centuries. Some one apparently got the notion that the abbreviations "I'd," "we'd" and the like represent "I would" and "we would." That person was a poor, deluded creature; and those who have followed his lead are in the category of individuals who say, "The country looks beautifully." In fact, the persistent employment of "would better" is a perfectly infallible earmark of one who thinks it easier to exploit a few linguistic catchwords than to go to work and make a serious study of his mother tongue.

G. K. CHESTERTON *

AN APPRECIATION.

Some few months ago a gentleman from Birmingham, with the energy characteristic of his neighbourhood, secured a prize of one guinea by demonstrating to a literary journal the existence of an unknown living poet. A short time afterward the world was astonished to learn that Mr. John Morley had entrusted to this unknown poet the biography of Robert Browning in that series which is compiled by men of threescore years, knighted, and with unchallenged literary supremacy. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has thus sprung suddenly into fame. Now every one reads him.

To most readers Mr. Chesterton is known as a literary critic with a distinctive style and a riotous gift of paradox. He could readily prove, they think, that black is white. His arresting ingenuity conceals the meaning underlying the adoption of this method. Mr. Chesterton in his extravagance has never essayed to prove that black is white. But most men assert that grey is either black or white. He reveals the neglected element. The real world is grey. All things are made up of the transitory union of contradiction; not permanent and isolated, but perpetually in motion: the momentary fusion of opposite forces. The accepted view sees only one of these. Mr. Chesterton disentangles the other, and hurls it at his astonished readers. Byron thus becomes the eager optimist, St. Francis the Apostle of Pleasure, Charles II. the leader of a religious revolution. The method is adopted for a purpose. He designs to startle the average man, settling down acquiescent in a normal world, with the sudden realisation of the magical Universe in which we live: "to see," in his own words, "our whole orderly system of life as a pile of stratified revolutions." Use and wont gather round us, historical verdicts are condensed into textbooks, the cowardice of men is crystallised into proverbs. Existence is accepted as sane and tranquil. "The function

*The Defendant. By G. K. Chesterton. New York, Dodd, Mead & Company.

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of imagination," he says, "is not to make strange things settled so much as to make settled things strange; not to make wonders facts but facts wonders." So he crashes in upon the orderly scheme and the accepted wisdom and scatters them to the winds. Men are startled into attention and compelled to think. The attitude of the child is restored: wonderland returns to the earth and the age of perpetual marvel. We are shown as still living in the atmosphere of miracle, in the visible presence of God.

The paradoxes of his criticism hence naturally lead on to the position adopted in his poetry. It is as a poet that Mr. Chesterton will contribute to literature. *The Wild Knight* is undoubtedly one of the most original volumes of verse that have appeared in recent years. It is an achievement of wonderful promise for a young man of twenty-five. There is no imitation, no trace of the influence of prevailing schools of thought. Imperialism and pessimism are equally absent from its pages. But a plan runs through all the volume. Each separated poem contains some original and arresting thought. All are issued, like the songs of the *Joculatores Dei* of the followers of Francis, in praise of God. Youth, indeed, is in it, and immaturity, and exuberant extravagance. He strings the stars for a chaplet, piles cloud castle on cloud castle, stands up and shakes his fist in the presence of God. There is a barbaric riot of imagination, the wild defence and laughter of a man who suddenly realises that he is alive, and that life is very good. Pessimism is dismissed as unclean. "The curse against God is Exercise I. in the primer of minor poetry." Mr. Chesterton will have no traffic with such anæmic and etiolated views of life. "I have investigated the dust-heaps of humanity," he announces, "and found a treasure in all of them." "The world's a bubble," says the cynic. "Yes," he replies, "a bubble; have you ever spied the colours I have seen on it?" In the opening poem is the keynote to the whole volume; the babe unborn meditating on a fairyland where "trees are tall and grasses short, as in some crazy tale," with a fixed fire hanging in the air to warn him, and "deep green hair" growing on great hills.

> I think that if they gave me leave
> Within that world to stand,
> I would be good through all the day
> I spent in fairyland.

And now that he finds himself in the midst of this fairyland, he marvels at the indifference of those around him. "Slow trees and ripening meadows for me go roaring by." From "vile dust" God has made "a fairer face than heaven"; in the apprehension of a strange democracy, the poet has "come to Autumn, where all the leaves are gold." He discerns a world of "huge and undecipherable unreason." He goes "singing through the world oppressed, laughing with laughter such as shakes the stars." He is astonished that all men do not respond to the song; he finds them mumbling and muttering over the ills of life, and the dull and uninspired routine of existence. Yet if alone he will pursue his journey and essay the great enterprise.

> So with the wan waste grasses on my spear,
> I ride forever seeking after God.
> My hair grows whiter than my thistle plume,
> And all my limbs are loose; but in my eyes
> The star of an unconquerable praise;
> For in my soul one hope forever sings,
> That at the next white corner of a road
> My eyes may look on Him.

His poetry and his prose thus exhibit one fixed attitude toward the universe. Like the old Dutch philosopher, he is "Gott-getrunken"; like the modern mystic, he is charging himself everywhere with contentment and triumph. He is ever astonished at "the towering and tropical vision of things as they really are; the great Odyssey of strange-coloured oceans and strange-shaped trees, of dust like the wreck of temples and thistledown like the ruin of stars." In the twentieth century God still walks in the garden in the cool of the day, and every bush is aflame with His presence. No scientific discovery can lessen the exultant wonder with which he regards the ever-recurring miracle of the sunrise or the birth of a little child. Being at all is for him the astonishing and delightful mystery. Existence itself, apart from definite pleasure or pain, is a source of infinite satisfaction. This it was at the creation that caused the morning stars to

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sing together and all the sons of God to shout for joy Mr. Chesterton is the prophet of this primitive truth. Apprehension of this, he holds, is the cure for the disease of modern life. With Stevenson he carries on a warfare against "burgessry"—life unilluminated by intensity of purpose, creeping blear-eyed through a universe lulled by custom. Men, he holds, are suffering not from sinfulness but from sleepiness. Let the burgess look within himself, he will find not a stockbroker or a clergyman, but a palpitating miracle. Let him open his eyes, and outside he will find a region of magic, riotous, irrational, mysterious, opening around him like a gigantic flower. No age was ever more wonderful than the despised modern world. The suburbs of cities are the scenes of the *Arabian Nights;* gas lamps are fairy bubbles, machinery the efforts of a Cyclops, the Post Office the wings of a Mercury. If Mr. Chesterton can inoculate the shifting and unimportant crowds of modern cities with this experience, he thinks strange results would follow; men would embrace in the streets, the priests would cut capers and the kings gather flowers, the heart of a child be restored with the child's awe and wonder and exultation in the greatness and the goodness of God.

It is impossible to forecast his future. He is writing copiously. He has at present on hand his coming "Browning," a volume of poems, a volume of prose essays, a fantastic novel, a play bearing the attractive title of the *Devil amongst the Cattle.* His friends assert that he is writing too much; it is doubtful if any man with ideas can write too much—the ephemeral perishes, the permanent survives. He has faith in himself and confidence in his message. Perhaps time and suffering, and the passing of youth, may wear down the exuberance of his praise of life. Perhaps he may find that laughing at the Devil and protesting the vanity of sin will have to yield to the sterner and more traditional methods of warfare. At present he is one of the few interesting writers in contemporary literature, with something to say, and a future of golden possibility, and the power of compelling a jaded and tired age to listen to his voice.

In personal appearance Mr. Chesterton is of gigantic stature: he has played with acceptance in the part of *Bacchus,* and presents a formidable appearance when swaggering down Fleet Street in the small hours of the morning, or in the midst of the crowd which surges around him, and to which he is entirely oblivious. Wearing a huge slouch hat, which is the despair of his friends, he is generally taken for a returned Yeoman, or an escaped Boer prisoner. He is accustomed to pursue long solitary walks through London, often penetrating right through the great town, from north to south or east to west. When over-wearied with journalism, he will suddenly start on a country ramble, taking the train to some station, the name of which pleases him, on the time table, and striking thence in any direction to any destination. Here he wanders till his friends organise relief parties, or till he strikes another railway line, when he contentedly journeys homeward. At present he is cultivating the local politics of Battersea; in secluded alehouses he drinks with the frequenters, and learns their opinions on municipal milk and on Mr. John Burns. His great ambition is to follow the sedulous steps of Mr. Bernard Shaw; and the proudest moment of his life will be when he takes his seat, as representative of the free and independent burgesses, in the Battersea Borough Council.

C. F. G. Masterman.

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HERE AND THERE

Germany.

The Venezuela incident seems, at the present time of writing, to have reached a stage whereat it ceases to be interesting in itself or to have any immediate significance. The unnatural Anglo-German alliance has proved to be from every point of view a dismal failure. It has not succeeded in coercing President Castro. It has led to nothing more spectacular than the sinking of a few Venezuelan tugboats and the capture of some coasting vessels—a feat which even the German Kaiser's gift for the dramatic cannot rescue from obvious absurdity. Diplomatically, the alliance has simply aroused in the English people, without distinction of party, a feeling of resentment to which Kipling has given stirring and splendid expression in "The Rowers." It has, indeed, widened instead of lessened the breach between Germany and Great Britain. And so far as the United States is concerned, this foolish expedition has wholly failed to draw our government into the resulting tangle, but more than ever does the American Republic now stand forth as arbiter of the Western Hemisphere. Both Germany and Great Britain, therefore, are clumsily struggling to grope their way out of an inglorious muddle under cover of a volley of diplomatic pourparlers, while the Kaiser has advertised the fact of his chagrin by suddenly recalling his ambassador from Washington, in the hope of making him appear the scapegoat of the whole blundering affair.

This incident, as an incident, would scarcely need to be considered did it stand alone. Isolated errors and sporadic cases of friction between different governments are of very little importance in these days, when all serious statesmen recognise the maintenance of peace as a cardinal principle of their policy. In our time, nations do not go to war because their chiefs of state personally dislike each other, or because of the hasty acts of subordinate officials. Such things may be made the ostensible ground for war; yet this is only when a long train of events has led up to them and already furnished a substantial basis for a warlike policy. Thus, King William's refusal in 1870 to promise that no Hohenzollern should ever be a candidate for the vacant throne of Spain gave France a pretext for declaring war; but every acute observer had long been aware that France and Germany must surely fight some day, because French prestige had been impaired by the aggrandisement of Prussia, and because Prussia was resolved to win back the Rhenish provinces from France. Again, the destruction of the *Maine* in 1898 would never have brought the United States into an actual conflict with Spain had it not been for a series of incidents which, beginning with the Spanish capture of the *Virginius* in 1867 and the butchery of its American crew, developed into endless acts of irritation which made at last a war inevitable. It is only, therefore, when the permanent interests or the professed policies of two nations are inherently antagonistic that we may look with confidence to an ultimate appeal to arms.

Is this the case with the interests and the policies of the United States and Germany? To our mind there can be scarcely any doubt of it. For nearly twenty years the German Empire and the American Republic have, little by little, assumed a definite attitude of opposition to each other; and this attitude of opposition has been accompanied by a succession of events which, taken as a whole, point to a final clash in which the issue must be decided by fleets and armies.

There is no no ill-will between the American people and the German people. They are friends and always have been. But the official class in Germany dislikes, and would like to persuade itself that it despises, all that is American—our easy ways, our irreverent humour, our democratic manners, and above all, our material success. To the petty noble with his sandy acres, his draughty and almost uninhabitable Schloss, it is infinitely galling to see the peasant or the burgher leave the village where he meekly toiled and yielded a servile respect to the Hochwohlgeboren and then to have him come back again within a few years, enriched and

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jovial, telling his friends and neighbours of the great country across the sea where all men have an equal chance to prosper. It enrages the stiff-backed drill-master to meet these German-Americans, still loving their old home, yet proud of their new citizenship which has freed them from the uplifted cane and brutal bullying of the *Unteroffizier*. And the Kaiser himself, with his dream of a German colonial empire in distant seas, vexes his soul when he finds that few will go on any terms to Kamerun or to Tasmania; while every ship that crosses the Atlantic bears scores of sturdy Germans away to that Republic whose strength they make still stronger and whose loyal sons their sons become. So to the German Junker, to the arrogant representative of militarism, and to the monarch who believes in the divine origin of his own power, America seems a land that exists mainly to unsettle the minds of the lowly, and to mock by its prosperity and content the basic principles of autocratic rule. So it is, that for many years, the official German view of the United States was one of smoldering dislike. There prevailed, also, among the German oligarchy a very low opinion of American military power. The mighty contest which was waged on American soil during the four years of our Civil War made no impression upon the General Staff in Berlin. It was Von Moltke himself of whom a visitor once inquired: "Have you given much attention to the battles of the American War?" And he replied, with an icy stare: "I have no time to waste in studying the struggles of two armed mobs." So spoke Van Moltke, and so thought all the disciples of that great tactician. Americans were greatly prosperous. They were good at trading and at slaughtering hogs; but they deserved serious notice only when they made themselves offensive to the High-well-born.

Such was the general attitude of official Germany toward the United States when, for the first time, the interests of the two nations came squarely into conflict. This was in Samoa in 1887. The Samoan Islands had been recognised as a monarchy in 1881 by the United States, Great Britain and Germany acting in concert; but a German trading company, encouraged by the home authorities, set on foot immediately a scheme for getting complete control of Apia, the capital, and ultimately of securing for Germany the whole group of islands. German settlers increased in number, and the German Consul, Herr Becker, treated all other foreigners with such arrogance as to stir them to the intensest indignation. At last the attempt was made to dethrone the Samoan King and to substitute in his place a native who would be the subservient tool of Germany. The British and American consuls protested; but four German cruisers sailed into the harbour of Apia to carry the thing through by a *coup de main*. The only American vessel there was the little wooden sloop-of-war *Adams*, commanded by Captain Richard Leary. A German commander haughtily announced that he proposed to shell a town in order to compel submission to Herr Becker's orders. Leary at once steamed into position directly between the German cruiser and the shore, ran out his guns, and signalled that he was ready for the bombardment to begin.

This sort of thing had not entered into the programme of the German commander. It was so unexpected to him that he hesitated and then backed down. The English naval officials, who had been dubiously hanging back, now took heart of grace and began to co-operate with the Americans. As an English writer of that day somewhat ruefully expressed it: "It was left for the navyless American Republic to give us a lead in the path of duty and of honour." This was at a time when Bismarck was in the zenith of his prestige and power, and when all the foreign chancelleries quivered at his nod. The thought of opposing him seemed in Europe to be almost unthinkable. Yet, nevertheless, the government of the United States did persistently oppose him. Warships were hurried to the scene and a crisis seemed likely to arrive at any moment, when the disastrous hurricane of March 16th smote English and German and American vessels with destruction. This calamity relieved the diplomatic tension; and when it was over Bismarck found it best to give way and finally to accede to the demand of Great Britain and the United States, and to recognise Samoan independence under a king freely chosen by the natives.

This was the first rebuff in foreign

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politics which Germany had suffered since the time of her great victory over France. It was to the United States that she owed it; for England alone would have acquiesced in the high-handed measures of Becker and of Knappe who had succeeded Becker. The fact was immediately recognised at Berlin, and an immense amount of bluster was heard in the cafés along the Linden. Americans who were in the German capital at that time will remember the oft-uttered boast that "a single *corps d'armée* could march from one end of the United States to the other." It is probable that Bismarck yielded, not so much because he hesitated to face American opposition as because the French at that time were stirred by one of their periodical longings for a policy of *revanche* and he wished to keep his hands free to deal with any possible menace from across the Rhine. But he did not forget the check which his diplomacy had received at the hands of the United States, nor did the Germans of his type forget it.

Ten years passed away and many things had happened. The restless War Lord, William II., was established on the throne and was carrying out vigorously his project of a great colonial empire and of a navy adequate to defend it. His attempts at colonisation in Africa had not met with much success. His subjects could not be induced to go out as settlers to lands so utterly unlike the land in which they had been born. In the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul, however, many Germans had found homes and had formed the nucleus of what might with careful nursing become a German state. Brazil was weak. What, then, stood in the way of finding in South America an outlet for German emigration in a country over which the flag of imperial Germany might be raised? Nothing save the fixed purpose of the United States that no part of the American Continent should be regarded as subject to future colonisation by any European power. But how far, so queried the Kaiser, was this nation of traders and money-grubbers able to maintain this doctrine in the face of a great military state like Germany? Of how much importance was the new American navy? What fighting power was there in the sort of "armed mob" which Americans were satisfied to call an army? These questions flitted through the Kaiser's mind at the moment when war broke out between the United States and Spain. Here was a rare opportunity for testing the American capacity for war against the fleets and armies of a European nation. The theoretical soldiers at Berlin knew that Spain had more than a hundred thousand regular troops in Cuba; they knew, also, that Spain possessed on paper a navy not much inferior to that of the United States. They argued, therefore, that the war must be a fairly long one, and that if the Americans invaded Cuba with their motley forces equipped with small arms that were obsolete, and unprovided with siege artillery, they must inevitably be defeated by the Spanish regulars. As to the navy, the Germans were not so sure; but at any rate they thought that the contest on the sea would be a fairly even one. So the Germans figured out a prolonged contest with the odds somewhat in favour of Spain, at least at the beginning of the war. In order that these odds might be overwhelming, the officials in the Wilhelmsstrasse conceived the plan of a diplomatic demonstration by the chief Continental powers, which should hint at intervention on behalf of Spain. The scheme appears to have found a ready acceptance at the French foreign office and undoubtedly at Vienna; but it was blocked at the very outset by England's curt refusal to have anything to do with it. This refusal, in fact, was couched in such words as to convey an intimation that not only was Great Britain averse to the proposed intervention, but that in certain contingencies she might even range herself in open alliance with the United States. This gave the *coup de grâce* to the German project, and the whole thing petered out into the mildest sort of an allocution addressed by the ambassadors at Washington to President McKinley in person, expressing the hope of the Continental powers that hostilities with Spain might be averted. To which the President in very courteous language replied that the war concerned the United States and Spain alone, and that as to the United States, the contest was to go on until Spain's tyranny in Cuba should be blotted out forever.

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For the moment, there was nothing much for Germany to do but to wait the issue of events. The news of Dewey's victory at Manila startled for a moment the theorists at Berlin, but presently they thought they saw an opportunity for mischief. Dewey's squadron was a small one. He was four or five thousand miles away from any friendly port. Reinforcements could not reach him for several months at least. The difficulties of his position were obviously very great. Moreover, the gallant Spanish regulars in Cuba had not yet struck their blow. There was still time for Germany to meddle, and to embarrass the American conduct of the war. Hence, Admiral von Diedrichs presently turned up at Manila with a German squadron somewhat stronger than Dewey's force. Its commander in his actions reflected perfectly the feeling of his government. For three months he did all that he could to irritate and thwart the American admiral, and to play the spy for the benefit of the Spanish garrison on shore. That he would have gone further still is a perfectly fair inference. Ranged beside the American ships, however, were several English men-of-war; and the enigmatical utterances of Sir Edward Chichester, who commanded them, held the Germans in restraint until at last the huge black turrets of the *Monadnock* and the *Monterey* loomed up on the horizon, and gave a sure preponderance of naval strength to Dewey. Meanwhile, the cafés of Berlin were resounding with the jeers and mockery of German officers directed against everything American. If you wish to see the most outrageously insulting caricatures and cartoons in which the army and navy and the people of the United States were at that time held up to derision and contempt, you will find them not in the Spanish journals, but in the German. And these are representative of just what the governing classes thought of us in those days when the war was young.

Then Sampson annihilated the Spanish fleet off Santiago, and Shafter forced the surrender of General Toral. By these two acts, something more than Spanish rule was shattered. The hostile schemes of Germany were shattered too, and the gigantic strength of the United States began to be appreciated even by the densest *schneidige Offizier*. One more touch of insolence was shown, however—this time in Samoa again. The German Consul-General, Herr Rose, defied the Chief Justice of the islands, who was an American, and urged on a band of natives to attack the residents of Apia. On this occasion, however, our government and its representatives, allied with the English, made short work of German insolence. An American cruiser, the *Philadelphia*, shelled the towns of the hostile natives, while English and American marines were landed, and fought side by side. Germany might have made these acts a reason for declaring war. But the Imperial Chancellor had learned his lesson, and in a speech which he delivered in the Reichstag, he professed a most unwonted love of peace. From this time on, the apparent object of the Kaiser's policy has been to make Americans forget the past, and to lull them into the delusion that Germany was really friendly to us all the time. Prince Henry's visit of last year was one of the German Emperor's own happy thoughts. Believing, as his courtiers do, that all Americans are snobs, he actually fancied that we should be infinitely flattered by a visit from a real, live prince; and perhaps he counted also upon what had been told him about President Roosevelt's approbativeness. That the Kaiser's own royal brother should condescend to visit us, that the Kaiser himself should ask the daughter of the President to preside at the launching of an imperial yacht—surely this ought to exalt us poor, simple republicans into a seventh heaven of ecstatic gratitude, and make us forget those trifling little incidents of Samoa and Manila Bay. But Prince Henry came, and we beheld him, and gave him dinners, and said pleasant things to him, and then he went away again and left things precisely as they were before.

During the past few months the Germans have tried another tack. The impression which the Kaiser would like to make at home is an impression that he is accomplishing some very daring actions on the American Continent. One of his cruisers sank a little Haytian gunboat last summer, and the press at Berlin hailed the exploit as a direct defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. Then came the Venezuelan affair, which was undertaken

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as a sort of fishing expedition out of which Germany might draw some precedents for future use. The attempt was tried to get Mr. Roosevelt to act as arbitrator between Venezuela and the allies; and no doubt this offer made a strong appeal to his sense of the spectacular. Yet the unanimous protest of the American press, and the sagacious advice of Secretary Hay, led him to decline, and thus he kept the United States still free from any possible entanglement. At the present time, the German and the English governments, thanks to the incapacity of Lord Lansdowne, have got themselves into a position where they can neither go on with safety nor retreat with honour; while the United States stands serenely by and watches them with dignified amusement.

Americans, however, should make no mistake. The facts which we have cited cannot be recalled too often. In spite of all disclaimers, in spite of her smooth words and courteous messages, Germany desires a foothold on this Continent. The feelings of the men who rule her have not changed in twelve short months. Though they despise us less, they hate us more, and they will be restrained from crossing our path in hostile fashion only for so long a time as our navy is a stronger one than theirs, and while conditions seem unfavourable to their scheme. What Senator Lodge said publicly of Germany two years ago is quite as true to-day; and if this nation does not care to enter into war, it must have at hand a naval force so great as to make the inevitable outcome of such a war a triumph for that Republic which extends her protecting shield over the whole Western Hemisphere. *H. T. P.*

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE PAPAL MONARCHY, FROM GREGORY THE GREAT TO BONIFACE VIII. (590—1303). By William Barry, D.D. Story of the Nations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Dr. Barry's survey of the Papal Monarchy to the death of Boniface VIII., with which the Middle Ages may be said to close, fills so serious a gap in English historical libraries that students might be very grateful to him even were the work much less able than it is. But he has given us a marvel of accurate information and of comprehensiveness. No mere compilation is it, or manual for hasty students, but a well-considered and admirably written book of permanent value. Its readers and critics, however, would do well to keep in mind the author's words in the preface: "Not the Pope as a teacher, but the Pope as a ruler of men, in affairs which may be viewed under a secular as well as a religious aspect, will furnish the matter of my volume." Of course, it is open to doubt whether the effort to keep to this restricted plan is not an attempt at the impossible. But the book as it stands is a *tour de force*. He compresses the history of a vast period into about 430 pages, and deals with it not in general terms, but in detail; yet the result is no arid waste of facts. He has enlivened the waste by vivid portraiture and by dramatic arrangement. He has kept the main lines clear. But, naturally, he has not entirely cancelled all the disadvantages of his plan—perhaps the plan imposed on him—and of the limited space at his disposal. Serious students will read between the lines, and doing so, can almost follow the track of Dr. Barry's unexpressed judgments. But some others would have spared a good many facts and illusions for a few general chapters discussing fully the questions at issue in the struggles of Rome with the secular power. Indeed, in every reader will be roused a strong desire for another book from the same pen on a kindred subject, but more limited in its scope, and with no limitations at all in the expression of its author's ideas, which are clear, sane, and weighty. In that volume there would be no questions left hanging in the air like that he asks concerning Gregory VII. at Canossa—"Was it the severity of an Apostle or the arrogance of a tyrant that the Pope displayed?" We may have our own answer pat; but we like our historians to make responsible inferences; and who of us is beyond being influenced by the deliberate judgments of so serious a student of European history? Then, too, in the book we are planning for Dr. Barry we should not be left darkly to infer his attitude toward Arnold of Brescia or toward Thomas à Becket. If we are here pointing to defects in the present volume, they are only such

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as are inherent in the restricted scheme by which he has bound himself. And his process of condensation is managed so well throughout that we can only think of one case where its application has had a misleading effect—in the account of the strife between the University of Paris and the Mendicant Orders. One who reads the narrative on p. 388, without consulting other authorities, will receive not merely an incomplete, but an incorrect notion of what took place.

Though the book teems with facts, the most careful reader will not often find Dr. Barry tripping. But we should like to know on what grounds he so firmly assumes the guilt of Pier delle Vigne. And poor St. Peter Celestine is hardly judged with perfect fairness. It is too much praise, from a modern point of view, to say he represented the Franciscan ideal; and it is to be too contemptuous of his understanding and of his alertness to what was going on about him to say that he, Celestine, who had been abbot. traveller, and guide of souls from all the provinces of Italy, "knew only faces from the Abruzzi." The fact is, Dr. Barry, though far more judicial than Tosti, is not a little under the glamour of Boniface. If Boniface lived to-day, he would have many admirers, as type of what is called "the strong man." He is, indeed, a striking figure. To the Pope with whom died the Middle Ages, who wrecked the Florentine career of Dante, and was immortalised by the poet's hate, who staked all in his war with Philip, we can hardly grudge the space that is devoted. Boniface was game. But the sincerety we are asked to admit we see no trace of in his intercourse with Charles, or Celestine, or the Colonnas, or the King of France. His struggle with Philip was Titanic in its energy, but petty in its aims. It was all for personal supremacy. No whit more arrogant than Hildebrand, he had not a spark of his greatness. Indeed, the victim of Anagni might have been the hero of a lesser Canossa, had he not so well taught men, both good and bad, what he knew best, how to fight for their own hand, and how to hate.

A. Macdonnell.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MARTINEAU. By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D., and C. B Upton, B.A., B.Sc., of Manchester College, Oxford. Two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The history of religion and philosophy in England during the nineteenth century cannot be written without taking account of James Martineau. Born shortly after the beginning of the century, and living and working till its closing year, he had opportunity to observe and to influence the growth of opinion in a period marked by rapid change and a previously unknown openness of mind. As a teacher occupying a free but not unassailed position, he was compelled to follow his natural bent and inquire deeply into the basis of religious and philosophical conviction. Strong enough to be a pioneer and to make a path for himself through the jungle of controverted tenets, and universally recognised as not only an unusually able thinker but as a man of the purest motive and of a very noble spirit, he won an influence which extended far beyond those who sat in his lecture-room. It was therefore very natural to devote to the biography of so considerable a personage two large volumes. And yet it may be questioned whether this was wise. History may illuminate biography; but to attempt to combine them in one narrative is fatal to both. In reading these laborious pages one often craves a more artistic seizure of the characteristic features, the things that matter. We are overwhelmed with detail for which the future historian of Unitarianism will be grateful, but which the reader who wishes to see the inner and outer life of Martineau finds tedious and irrelevant. No blame attaches to Dr. Drummond for this. He has done his work with a thoroughness which every one must respect, and has made a contribution of very great value to historical literature.

There are many things in these volumes that invite remark. Perhaps the most interesting of the letters are those in which Dr. Martineau defines his own position. It has sometimes been rumoured that in his later years he approximated to the Trinitarian position, but of this there is no evidence in these volumes. On the contrary, we find that while to the last he was whole-heartedly Christian and had "no faith in a religious future for those who renounce their allegiance to that personality," yet in his ninetieth year he expressly says that the Divineness which he claims for Jesus is no other than that which he recognises in every human soul which realises its possible communion with the Heavenly Father. And he severely reprobates the attempt to make the term "Unitarian" mean not so much any doctrine as free thought. "To earn the name 'Unitarian,' is anything requisite but to hold the Uni-personality of God as distinguished from the Tri-personality?" Possibly it is not going too far to find the root of his Unitarianism in his strange distaste for the terms "Mediator" and "Redeemer," and apparently the absence from his spiritual experience of any

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sense of his need of atonement, sacrifice, or priest. "Mediator means, as you observe, instrument for bringing us to God. But by this you and I intend no more than that we owe to Christ our *right apprehension of God.*" This is more intelligible than his objection to call Jesus "the Messiah." "Seeking Christianity in the creed of the first age, we have necessarily fallen in with this notion, that 'Jesus is the Messiah'; and have thus set up the chief Judaic error as the chief Christian verity." Notwithstanding opinions which many will consider eccentricities, Dr. Martineau's mind is well worth studying, and no one can flatter himself that he understands the theological and philosophical movements of last century who has not mastered the contents of these two abundantly full volumes.

Marcus Dods.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS. By Ralph Connor. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company.

If it is more difficult to portray the characters of boys than of men, it is not because boys have less individuality; perhaps it is because most of us forget our boyhood, and growing beyond remembrance of what we were, get thus beyond understanding boy nature with any intimacy. This is not the case, however, with Mr. Ralph Connor. In his *Glengarry School Days* he gives us a wonderfully real presentment of school life in Canada, his story centring round a certain "Twentieth"school, a primitive building "of logs hewn on two sides," whose cracks were filled with plaster. His boys are depicted with subtle knowledge and insight; the character of Hughie Murray is as sharply differentiated from that of "Foxy" Ross, as Thomas Finch's, or Ronald Macdonald's, is from either of them. Of the girls, Betsy Dan is sketched cleverly and with humour, and Margaret Finch makes a very winsome and charming figure. The whole life of the school unrolls before us, with its friendships, rivalries, enmities; and we have vivid glimpses of the home lives of some of the scholars, and over many of them, over John Craven the schoolmaster in particular, and through all the story, plays the saintly influence of one of the sweetest of women. It is a live book, and will be read with equal interest both by young and old.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1903.

The holiday season of 1902 has come and gone with the customary rush and confusion consequent upon the large amount of business to be transacted in so limited a space of time. This year has been no exception in the usual characteristics of large sales, unexpected successes causing temporary "out of prints," and some disappointments resulting in overstock.

It is impossible to mention more than a few of the leading titles in each department, as the demand for presents included all classes of books. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* as predicted in our last letter, maintained its place at the head of the list of popular fiction and taxed the abilities of the publishers to the utmost to keep the trade supplied. *The Virginian* also continued to have an exceptional sale, while of the new books *The Blue Flower, The Little White Bird, Emmy Lou* and *Glengarry School Days* sold remarkably well. Of the illustrated holiday editions, *An Old Sweetheart of Mine* easily led, with a demand the publishers were quite unable to meet, this being the most noticeable shortage of the season. *Wanted: A Chaperon,* by Paul Leicester Ford, *Lavender and Old Lace,* by Myrtle Reed, and *A Japanese Nightingale,* by Onoto Watanna, were also very salable. *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* had a pronounced success, and to a certain extent took the place of the Dooley, Bangs, John Henry and Billy Baxter books of previous years. Juvenile books naturally had a very large sale, of which the *Just-So Stories,* by Rudyard Kipling, easily lead, and in addition may be noted *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus,* by L. Frank Baum, *A Captured Santa Claus,* by Thomas Nelson Page, and *Miss Muffet's Christmas Party,* by Samuel McChord Crothers.

Woodrow Wilson's *A History of the American People* more than fulfilled expectations and sold beyond anything at such a price in recent years. John Fiske's *Essays, Historical and Literary,* also was in good demand, while *Three Years War,* by Christian Rudolf de Wet, proved to be the most popular work

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which has appeared on the Boer War. *The Simple Life,* by Charles Wagner, *The Strenuous Life,* by Theodore Roosevelt, *The Quest of Happiness,* by Dwight Hillis, *Memories of a Hundred Years,* by Edward Everett Hale, and *Recollections of a Long Life,* by Theodore L. Cuyler, all proved by their sales to be acceptable.

Business on the whole as to volume undoubtedly exceeded that of any previous year, and must have been one satisfactory to both the publishers and retailers, although reports are received that sales of subscription editions, expensive sets and bindings were not so large as in some previous years.

January will probably be a comparatively light month in point of new publications, but announcements already made indicate that the coming spring season will be active.

Of the large list of books selling readily last month the following were the most popular:

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

The Blue Flower. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

A Captured Santa Claus. By Thomas Nelson Page. 75 cents.

Just-So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. Net, $1.20.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine. By J. W. Riley. Illustrated by Christy. $2.00.

Emmy Lou. By George Madden Martin. $1.50.

Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. By George Horace Lorimer.

Wanted: A Chaperon. By Paul Leicester Ford. $2.00.

The Little White Bird. By James M. Barrie. $1.50.

Glengarry School Days. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.

Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50

Captain Macklin. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

Cecilia. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1903.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the year that has just closed was the best that the trade has encountered for some time. The volume of the year's business was large, in all probability the largest on record, and owing in a large measure to the movement for more stability in price, conditions have been more satisfactory than they have been for years. In one sense it cannot be called a remarkable year in bookselling, for it was almost devoid of sensational happenings. It was, however, what is better, a thoroughly good year for books generally, and while the "big selling books" may not have run into as many or as large editions as those of the previous year, current literature of all classes, and stock generally, shows a very gratifying increase in the total sales of the year.

December business was somewhat slow in starting, and during the first three or four days holiday trade was comparatively slow. The two weeks, however, immediately preceding Christmas were lively enough to satisfy the most exacting, and the congestion of the last few days was, if anything, more marked than usual.

The most remarkable feature of the month was the astonishing demand for *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* It was expected, of course, that owing to the great popularity of the work through the year, it would have a greatly increased call. Few, however, expected the hurricane demand which set in early in the month and lasted right up to the holidays. *The Virginian* sold largely, just as was anticipated, and *The Blue Flower, Glengarry School Days, The Two Vanrevels, The Spenders, Oliver Horn, Captain Macklin* and *The Leopard's Spots* were all very popular. *The Conquest* was a great favourite for presentation purposes, and so was *The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* and *The Little White Bird. Hearts Courageous* moved upward in the list of best selling books, and made quite a good record.

Among the holiday books proper the enormous demand developed for the Christy-Riley book, *An Old Sweetheart of Mine,* was such that it was practically out of print almost as soon as it reached the market. *Wanted: A Chaperon* was very successful indeed, and so was the *First Christmas,* by Lew Wallace. *A Captured Santa Claus* sold exceedingly well, and speaking generally, the books prepared especially for holiday sale went very satisfactorily.

In regard to heavier books, the most marked success was attained by Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People,* which for so expensive a work sold very largely. Hale's *Memories of a Hundred Years* was also called for very heavily. *The Three Years War,* by De Wet, sold well, better in fact than any book on the British-Boer War since its close.

Juvenile books met with a good season, and there were many new favourites. Among others may be mentioned *Just-So Stories,* by Kipling, *Behind the Line,* by Barbour, *Beautiful Joe's Paradise, Miss Muffet's Christmas Party, Ten Girls from Dickens, Prince Silverwings,* etc., etc. All the old favourites in this class also went well.

Business since the holidays has been very good, and orders from country sources indicate that stocks have been greatly depleted by the Christmas demand.

The following books led sales during December:

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice C. Hegan. $1.00.

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

The Blue Flower. By Henry C. Van Dyke. $1.50.

Glengarry School Days. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.

Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. By George Lorimer. $1.50.

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The Two Vanrevels. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
The Conquest. By Eva Emory Dye. $1.50.
The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.50.
Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.
The Book of Joyous Children. By James Whitcomb Riley. Net $1.20.
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.
Captain Macklin. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
A Captured Santa Claus. By Thomas Nelson Page. 75 cents.
Wanted: A Chaperon. By Paul L. Ford. $2.00.
An Old Sweetheart of Mine. By J. W. Riley. $2.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

A Tour in Mexico. By Mrs. James Edwin Morris.

A book of travel, illustrated from photographs taken *en route* by Mr. James Edwin Morris.

American Book Company:

Stories of Old France. By Leila Webster Pitman.

This is the latest addition to the series of Eclectic School Readings, and is well suited to serve as an introduction to French history. A map of the old provinces renders easy references to geographical points.

Stories of Humble Friends. By Katharine Pyle.

The stories in this book are intended for the third-reader grade and are about animals and birds familiar to children. The pictures are by the author.

School Composition. By William H. Maxwell and Emma L. Johnston.

A book for use in higher grammar classes, in which exercises in the correct use of words and in the formation of typical sentences are given instead of drill in the correction of faulty English.

Advanced Algebra for Colleges and Schools. By William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D.

The publishers announce that this book contains enough matter to cover either the entrance requirements of any scientific and technical school or the optional examination in Advanced Algebra now offered by many colleges and universities to candidates for matriculation.

American Book Company:

Horace Odes and Epodes. Edited by Clifford H. Moore, Ph.D.

This is the latest addition to the Latin Series prepared under the supervision of Professors Morris of Yale and Morgan of Harvard. It presents Horace's lyrical poems with special attention to the needs of freshmen and sophomores. The notes include quotations both from the poet's Greek models and from other works of his own.

Essentials in Ancient History. By Arthur Mayer Wolfson, Ph.D.

This is the first to appear of a four-volume series, prepared on the plan recommended by the Committee of Seven, under the general editorship of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard. It is a concise book, presented in a way both comprehensible and interesting to boys and girls.

Appleton and Company:

The Life of the Ancient Greeks. By Charles Burton Gulick, Ph.D.

The Preface explains that this book aims to present the essential facts of daily life among the Greeks, particularly the Athenians, which experience has proved a boy or a girl may profitably learn while reading Greek authors or studying Greek history in preparation for college.

Barnes and Company:

Hidden Manna. By A. J. Dawson.

Mr. Dawson will be remembered by his *African Nights' Entertainment*, and admirers of that collection of powerful stories will doubtless look upon the present book with an added interest. It is a story of Morocco.

Brentano:

The Argonauts of Immortality. By Mason Carnes.

A book of verse which is published in special numbered editions.

Buckles and Company:

Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales. By Birdsall Jackson.

A collection of "tales of the shore and stream and wood, and a few pipe dreams," with here and there a poem thrown in. "The spirits of the pipe and bowl shall come," says the author, "and tell of field and vine and blossom, the sunshine of their youth and ours, and threading the aisle of memory, shall bring back to us some of the long-lost scenes of boyhood, and a few souvenirs of those earlier days in the Kingdom of Make Believe."

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Cameron Blake and Company:

George Cabot Lodge Poems.

A collection of poems by Mr. Lodge, bearing the dates 1899-1902.

Dickerman and Son:

Rollicking Rhymes of old and New Times. By N. W. Bingham.

The title of this book explains quite clearly the nature of the contents. The illustrations are by J. A. Jameson.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Nature and the Camera. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

Mr. Dugmore tells how to photograph live birds and their nests; animals, wild and tame; reptiles, insects, fish, flowers, and so on. Mr. Dugmore is the leader in the new movement of photographing these subjects, and he sets down here a full and detailed account of his methods.

A Country Without Strikes. By Henry Demarest Lloyd.

New Zealand is the country where there are no strikes, and in a sub-title Mr. Lloyd calls his book "A Visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand." William Pember Reeves, ex-Minister of Labour in New Zealand, has written the introduction.

Federal Book Company:

A Son of Destiny. By Mary C. Francis.

The main incidents in the life of Andrew Jackson, Major-General of the United States Army and President of the United States, are used as material for this historical novel.

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Next Step in Evolution. By Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D.

In a Preface the author says that "this brief study, in evolution appeared first about a year ago as an introduction to a revival of the story of George Croly's *Salathiel,* rechristened *Tarry Thou Till I Come.* It is a study of the probability, the significance and character of a second coming of Christ.

Jonathan. A Tragedy. By Thomas Ewing, Jr.

Mr. Ewing has chosen the love of David and Jonathan as his theme for this tragedy, and he has employed for its presentation blank verse. Mr. Ewing is a patent lawyer in Ohio.

Huebsch:

A Book of Meditations. By Edward Howard Griggs.

These meditations are varied. The author skips from notes on "Life and the Last Proving" to Florence, the Uffizi Gallery Fra Angelico, and Michael Angelo, then on to Venice, New England and Funeral Reliefs.

Lewis, Scribner and Company:

As It Is in the Philippines. By Edgar G. Bellairs.

Mr. Bellairs was correspondent of the Associated Press in Cuba, 1898-1900, in China, 1900-1901, and in the Philippines, 1901-1902. He, therefore, considers himself in "a better position to get at the real facts as they existed in the provinces than anybody else in the Archipelago."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Friedrich Max Müller. Edited by His Wife. Two volumes.

The plan pursued throughout these volumes, it is explained in the Preface, has been to let Max Müller's letters and the testimony of his friends to his mind and character speak for themselves, while the whole is connected by a slight thread of necessary narrative. The letters have been selected with a view to bring the man rather than the scholar before the reading public.

Macmillan Company:

Bethlehem. A Nativity Play. By Laurence Housman.

This was performed privately in London with music by Joseph Moorat, under the stage direction of Edward Gordon Craig. The English Censor would not allow it to be performed in public for reasons that must be apparent only to a censor. Laurence Housman, by the by, is pretty generally recognised in London now as the author of *An English Woman's Love Letters.*

Who's Who for 1903.

A new edition of the English *Who's Who?*

Matthew Arnold's Notebooks. With a Preface by the Honourable Mrs. Wodehouse.

The first entry in this notebook was made in 1852 and the last in 1888. In her Preface, Mrs. Wodehouse gives some information in regard to her father's method of keeping his notebooks: "In the blank pages at the end of some of the notebooks he made a list of all the books he wished to read during the year. Through those books which he did read he drew a black line; these lists I have reproduced at the end of each year's extracts as they occur."

The Poetical Works of John Keats. Edited with Introduction and Memoir by Walter S. Scott. Revised by George Sampson.

The Introduction to this volume of poems consists of an interesting biographical sketch of the life of the poet. He was born in 1795, and was the oldest son of Thomas Keats, "head ostler at the livery stable of John Jennings, at the sign of the 'Swan and Hoop,' Pinsbury Pavement."

Ancient Athens. By Ernest Arthur Gardner.

The author is Yates Professor of

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Archæology in University College, London, and was formerly director of the British School at Athens. The book is a large one, and is profusely illustrated.

Highways and Byways in London. By Mrs. E. T. Cook. With illustrations by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs.

This belongs to an interesting series of "Highways and Byways," which the Macmillans are bringing out from time to time. The illustrations form a very important part in this series, and among the types and places pictured in the present volume may be mentioned: "Crossing at Piccadilly Circus," "Sandwich-Board Men," "An Aerated Bread Shop," "Waterloo Bridge," "Lincoln's Inn" and "Saturday Night's Shopping."

A Week in a French Country House. By Adelaide Sartoris. Illustrated by Lord Leighton, P.R.A. With a Portrait and a Preface by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

Almost half of this book is devoted to prefaces. There is a "Preface to a Preface," a "Preface," and a "Postscript to a Preface," but when one comes to the story itself it is interesting to compare Mrs. Sartoris's visit with the "visits" of some of the authors of the present day.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Musings Without Method. A Record of 1900-01. By Annalist.

These monthly essays by Annalist have been among the most interesting contributions of recent years to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The title under which they appear suits them admirably. Annalist writes as suits himself and upon such subjects as he pleases. From the latest book he will drift into a discussion of the Boer War or the rights and wrongs of the Montague-Capulet controversy.

Medusa Publishing Company:

Millionaires of America. By Carlo de Fornaro.

A collection of caricatures of J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Russell Sage, W. C. Whitney, "Tom" Johnson, C. M. Schwab, Senator Clark, and other equally well-known American millionaires. The caricatures are excellent.

New Amsterdam Book Company:

The History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada. By Honourable Cadwallader Colden. Two volumes.

In an Introduction, Mr. Robert Waite remarks upon the fact that no life of Cadwallader Colden has been written, "a man whose scientific and philosophical mind, insuring him fame in any field of life that he might have selected, was devoted for nearly half a century to the development, interests and government of the Colony of New York." He died near Flushing, Long Island, in September, 1766. His photograph is used as a frontispiece in Volume I.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Letters of an American Countess to Her Friend. By the Countess Herself.

Here is a novel with a "purpose," for does not the author say in her introduction that "it is written and presented to the public with the sole idea that it may show our young girls how they are laid wait for and entrapped like helpless flies in the spider's net, that they may give their youth, their beauty, and, above all, their wealth, for the doubtful return value of a worn-out and starving debauché, who will return to his old ways as soon as the poor girl's dowry is placed in his hands."

Putnam:

Twenty-Six Historic Ships. By Frederic Stanhope Hill.

Mr. Hill gives the story of certain famous vessels of war and of their successors in the navies of the United States and of the Confederate States of America from 1775 to 1902. Sketches of some of the Confederate ships of war have been included, "on the ground that those ships were commanded by American officers trained in our naval service, whose bravery, skill and endurance were part of a common heritage of which we may be justly proud."

Can Telepathy Explain? By Minot J. Savage.

"This little volume," says Dr. Savage, "has grown out of a request on the part of the editor of *Ainslee's Magazine* for an article giving some of the results of physical research." In his discussion, Dr. Savage states a great number of well-authenticated instances of apparently spiritistic revelation or communication.

Songs from Edgewood. By Stephen Henry Thayer.

A book of poems, a number of which have been printed in periodicals and magazines, and some of which have never before been published.

Robert Harley. Earl of Oxford. By E. S. Roscoe.

Mr. Roscoe says in his Preface that it was the intention of Swift to write the life of Harley, and he asked the second Earl of Oxford to search among his father's papers for materials for this work. But the project remained unfulfilled, so that this is doubtless the first published biography of the Prime Minister. Mr. Roscoe calls it a "Study of Politics and Letters in the Age of Anne."

The Papal Monarchy. By William Barry, D.D.

This belongs to the series called "The

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Story of the Nations," and covers the period from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII.

Chateaubriand's Memoirs. Volumes V. and VI.

These Memoirs of François René Vicomte de Chateaubriand, sometime Ambassador to England, appear in six volumes. They are a translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos of the Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe, with illustrations from contemporary sources.

Russell:

The American Artists' Portfolio.

A collection of charming drawings in colour by such well-known artists as Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, J. G. Brown, E. W. Kemble, Jay Hambidge and Albert Sterner.

A Garden of Girls. By Florence England Nosworthy.

One of Mr. Russell's most attractive calendars, with a separate drawing for each month in the year. Jessica reigns in January, Flora in February, Marjorie in March, and so on through the year.

The History of Over Sea.

One of a series of romances that had been almost forgotten and lost to the modern reader until Mr. William Morris translated them. Mr. Louis Rhead has illustrated the book with drawings and decorative borders in black and white.

A Dog Day. By Walter Emanuel, and pictured by Cecil Aldin.

Twenty-four lithographic prints in colour tell this amusing story of a dog's day. The present volume is an example of what an artist can do in the way of telling a story by pictures.

The Song of Songs. With Six Illustrations and Decorative Border by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

Mr. FitzRoy Carrington has contributed an Introduction to this poem of the Bible, and he has arranged the Song in a novel form of dramatic dialogue. The genius of Burne-Jones is expressed in a numerous series of drawings, full of mystical beauty.

Perseus and Andromeda. The Story Retold by Richard Le Gallienne.

Mr. Le Gallienne has made a poetical version of this celebrated legend. The book is illustrated with beautiful reproductions from old prints.

St. George and the Dragon.

A mediæval scroll with eight illustrations by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and the whole arranged by FitzRoy Carrington.

Scott-Thaw Company:

The Pilgrim's Scrip. By Sir Austin Absworthy Bearne Feverel. Collected from the *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, by George Meredith.

Scribner:

Across Coveted Lands. By A. Henry Savage Landor. Two volumes.

These volumes contain the history of a journey from Flushing, Holland, to Calcutta (overland). One hundred and seventy-five illustrations, diagrams, plans, and maps by the author add to the completeness of the work.

Stokes Company:

Paris, Past and Present. By Henry Haynie. Two volumes.

Mr. Haynie, an American who lived in France for twenty years, has written a history of Paris which gives a complete and graphic account of that city from its earliest moments to the present time. The volumes are profusely illustrated with photogravures and half-tone engravings.

Tonnelé and Company:

Book-Plates of To-day. Edited by Wilbur Macey Stone.

A book of value to persons interested in book-plates. There are many illustrations of various book-plates, and in the Table of Contents may be found the names of Wilbur Macey Stone, who writes on Book-Plates and the Nude, Willis Steell on the Architect as a Book-Plate Designer, and W. G. Bowdoin on American Designers of Book-Plates.

BOSTON.

Bates and Guild:

Letters and Lettering. A Treatise with 200 Examples. By Frank Chouteau Brown.

This is a book intended for those who have felt the need of a varied collection of alphabets of standard forms, arranged for convenient use.

Curtis and Cameron:

The Quest of the Holy Grail. An Interpretation and a Paraphrase of the Holy Legends, by Ferris Greenslet, Ph.D., with illustrations from the Frieze Decorations in the Boston Public Library. By Edwin Abbey, R.A.

A beautiful book. In the author's note this explanation is made: "In the paraphrase of the Legends the episodes of the Grail story chosen by Mr. Abbey for his paintings are used as the framework of a consecutive narrative. The material is then translated or paraphrased from whichever of the sources furnishes it in the simplest form, and in the closest relation to the artist's design. Whenever possible, I have, as the reader will discover, followed Malory's diction, with only such slight alterations as were needed to preserve the integrity of the story in the pictures."

Educational Publishing Company:

Every Day English. Book One. Language

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Lessons for Intermediate Grades. By Jean Sherwood Rankin.

This is a text-book which has received much praise from professors and teachers. Richard Burton has written a foreword, in which he says: "The little volume here following contains, it seems to me, a thoroughly acceptable treatment of the principles of language use for the guidance of children.

Everett Press:

The Real Diary of a Real Boy. By Henry A. Shute.

The publishers announce that this diary was actually written over thirty years ago by Judge Henry A. Shute, of Exeter. Here is a typical entry: "January 12. nobody got licked in school today, gess why, because there wassent enny school. old Francis was sick, i went skating."

Forbes and Company:

Myrtle and Oak. By Rennell Rodd.

A collection of verse by Sir Rennell Rodd, C.B., K.C.M.G., with a photograph of the author taken from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

Ginn and Company:

The Faire Maide of Bristow. A Comedy. Now first reprinted from the Quarto of 1605. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Arthur Hobson Quinn.

The editing of this play was undertaken at the suggestion of Professor Josef Schick of the University of Munich, and was completed under the direction of Professor Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania. In addition to the text of the play there is an introduction of twenty-four pages, five pages of notes, and an adequate index.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Peasant and the Prince. By Harriet Martineau. Edited by Henry W. Boynton.

This belongs to the Riverside Literature Series, which is issued quarterly. Mr. Boynton has written an Introduction, giving a short biographical sketch of the author. The book is bound in paper covers.

Molière. By Leon H. Vincent.

Molière is the latest addition to the little books which Mr. Vincent has written on French society and letters in the seventeenth century. Mr. Vincent has treated this great figure in French literature with discretion, and has avoided the detailed biographical method.

Literary Values. By John Burroughs.

Mr. Burroughs has been known chiefly as a writer on outdoor themes, but this volume of essays will give him a place among the literary critics. The titles of typical papers will show the range of the book: "Style and the Man," "Literature and Democracy," "Poetry and Eloquence," "Thoreau's Wildness," and "On the Re-reading of Books."

Americans in Process. A Settlement Study. By Residents and Associates of the South End House. Edited by Robert A. Woods.

A group of experienced settlement workers, men and women, have studied the life in the North and West Ends, the two principal immigrant districts of Boston. These districts, until about fifteen years ago, were inhabited chiefly by an Irish population. Since that time there has been a large influx of Jews and Italians. There are chapters upon industrial conditions, upon the technique of local politics, upon criminal tendencies, and upon the amusements of the people.

Little, Brown and Company:

Boston Days. By Lillian Whiting.

Boston, to Miss Whiting, is the city of beautiful ideals. The aim of this volume is to present some transcripts of the life of Boston during the nineteenth century, the latter years of which came within the personal observation and experience of the writer. The book is not in any sense a history of literature, or specific biographical record, but, to quote the author, "only to read backward, like the Chaldeans, some of those 'delicate omens traced in air.'"

CHICAGO.

Denison:

The Old Schoolhouse. By T. S. Denison.

A collection of "poems and conceits of verse," which the author "casts forth on the sea of print as a mother bird casts her fledgelings from the nest."

Donnelly and Sons' Company:

Lost Letters from Lesbos. By Lucy McDowell Milburn.

In her introduction, the author states that she obtained these letters from a party of Arabs that she met in her travels. Upon examining her purchase, she discovered several small rolls of antique Egyptian papyrus. "The quality and stamp showed that no mean or ordinary person could have owned it. The writing on it was of the best Æolian Greek. The age we could not at first determine, but as fragment after fragment was deciphered, we became convinced that no hand but Sappho's could have penned these lines."

Madison Book Company:

Eshek the Oppressor. By Gertrude Potter Daniels.

A novel of the present day of a somewhat melodramatic nature. G. C. Wid-

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ney has made the illustrations, which are reproduced in colour.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Father Tom of Connemara. By Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville.

A novel of the Irish Highlands, in which Father Tom, according to the publishers, is likened to the Vicar of Wakefield.

University of Chicago Press:

The Decennial Publications. What has Become of Shakespeare's play "Love's Labour's Won"? By Albert H. Tolman, Assistant Professor of English Literature.

Welch and Company:

The Old Testament Bible Stories. By Walter L. Sheldon.

The author uses the Bible stories as a basis for the ethical instruction of the young, and he has in preparation at the present time such a course of instruction for young people from seven years of age up to adult life.

CONCORD, MASS.

Erudite Press:

The Isle of Content and Other Waifs of Thought. By George F. Butler, M.D.

From the numerous essays which Dr. Butler has contributed to certain magazines, his daughter has selected a few which in her opinion are worthy of publication in book form. Some of the chapter headings are: "Mental Jaundice," "Childhood's Realm," and "No Sentiment in Business."

CLINTON, N. Y.

Browning:

Lyrics of the Dawn. By Clinton Scollard.

Mr. Scollard, one of the well-known contributors to the magazines, has brought out a collection of his verse in book form, each copy being numbered and signed by the author.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Shissler-Chase Company:

The Hidden Fortune. By Colin McKenzie Pinkerton.

Mr. Pinkerton, who is also the author of *Buckeye-Hawkeye Schoolmaster*, labels this novel "an educational story," a copy of which he has very kindly sent to us with his compliments.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Michigan Trust Company:

The Heart of the World; or, The Rescue of Santa Claus. A Christmas Play. By Prescott Bailey Bull.

In an introductory note, the publishers say: "If to the grown-ups there appear to be occasional confusions of time and place, costume and character, we feel confident we shall not be held to stern account, inasmuch as the Christmas spirit in *The Heart of the World* adjusts itself to all manners and all periods."

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company:

John James Ingalls.

A collection of the writings of the late Senator Ingalls, his essays, addresses, and orations, dedicated to the people of Kansas. There is a preface by William Connelley, of Washington, and an introduction by George R. Peck, of Chicago.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Morton and Company:

China and Japan. By Mrs. Emma P. K. Trawick.

Mrs. Trawick is the wife of an associate surgeon in the Methodist Hospital at Soochow, and this volume contains her letters from this far-off land to friends, who requested that they appear in book form. Some of the letters were first published in a newspaper in Louisville, her native city.

Plays. By Bert Finck.

This volume contains three plays: *Soldero, a Heart's Tragedy; Kiowana, a Tragedy in Three Acts; Isa.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Brooks:

Octaves in an Oxford Garden. By Arthur Upson.

Margarathe E. Heisser has lettered and decorated this volume, of which three hundred and fifty copies have been printed on hand-made Japan paper.

PARIS.

Lemerre:

Immortalité. Par Madame G. de Montgomery.

A collection of verse printed in French.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Blakiston's Son and Company:

Biographical Clinics. By George M. Gould, M.D.

Dr. Gould tells of what he considers to be the origin of the ill-health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley and Browning, and he adds some chapters on "Biliousness and Headache," "The Physiology of Vision," "Astigmatism and Eye-strain," and "Responsibilities."

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Biddle:

A Wanderer's Legend. By Maxwell Sommerville.

This "legend" is written by the professor of Glyptology, University of Pennsylvania. He has also written books called *Engraved Gems, Sands of Sahara* and *Siam.*

Coates and Company:

The Haunted Mine. By Harry Castlemon.

A story for boys, by the author of many popular boys' books. The title is sufficient evidence that this story contains the proper number of thrills.

Jim and Joe. By Edward S. Ellis.

A tale of two brave boys, who dare all sorts of danger, and who come out of every experience with the word "hero" stamped upon them.

Whimlets. By S. Scott Stinson.

A dainty-looking little book of humorous verse, pictured by Clare Victor Dwiggins.

Lippincott:

Four Princes. The Growth of a Kingdom. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D.

The author, founder of the Evangelical Lutheran Mission in Japan, teacher in the Theological Seminary of the United Synod, and Pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, has written a story of the Christian Church centered around four types, namely: Paul, the Apostle; Constantine, the Emperor; Bernard, the Abbot of Clairvaux, and Martin Luther, the founder of Protestantism.

Isn't It So? By Nettie Seeley Murphy.

A collection of proverbs, pictured by J. P. Coll. The author says in her Preface: "If any of my amiable cynicisms shock or surprise my readers, let it be known from the housetops that no happier wife, no prouder mother, no more contented and serenely satisfied woman lives than the author."

Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique. By Angelo Heilprin.

The author, who is president of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, has written the first lengthy account of the great catastrophes of 1902. Mr. Heilprin made two visits to Martinique, one in May and again in August of last year. During the later visit it was his privilege to be a witness of the second eruption of Mont Pelée. The volume is a large one, and it contains many illustrations from photographs.

Jewish Publication Society of America.

The Vale of Cedars and Other Stories. By Grace Aguilar.

This is an elaborate edition, with an introduction by Walter Jerrold and with illustrations by T. H. Robinson. The present volume contains, besides "The Vale of Cedars," all those stories of Jewish life which were included in the volume of *Home Scenes and Heart Studies.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:

A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea. By Charles Keeler.

A book of verse in which the author has depicted only such incidents or men as he has encountered in his sea-roving on the Pacific.

The Seedy Gentleman. By Peter Robertson.

The Seedy Gentleman is an old person who reflects on many subjects, and of his reflections Mr. Robertson has made a book of somewhat unique interest. In his talk on "Life," the Seedy Gentleman says: "You know what embarrasses the novelists and the playwrights, and the philosophers as well? The motive. They have always to give a motive for everything. They prove all their dramatic situations by motive. They can do nothing without giving a motive for it. And yet in real life a million things are done without motive; tragedies hang on inexplicable impulses, and people love without knowing why."

The Divine Question. By Lionel Josaphare.

This is Volume I. of the "Flame Series." "The articles in this series," says the editor, "will be in treatment free as thought, yet as inoffensive to the charitable mind as the etiquette of judicious language can make them."

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Franklin Printing and Engraving Company:

Things. By George W. Stevens.

Under this heading may be found a collection of very light verse, the kind of light verse that is written to make the readers of it laugh. Mr. Ardo D. Condo has made the illustrations, which are also in a light vein.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Myths of the Cherokee. By James Mooney.

This large volume is an extract from the *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.* The book contains maps and illustrations.

Eucalypts Cultivated in the United States. By Alfred James McClatchie, M.A.

Mr. McClatchie is agriculturist and horticulturist of the Arizona Experiment Station at Phoenix, Arizona, and in his introduction he says that the Eucalypts are viewed mainly from the standpoint of their usefulness, only incidentally be-

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ing treated as ornamentals. No attempt is made to present an exhaustive botanical treatise of the Eucalypts.

Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year 1900-1901. Volume I.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between December, 1902, and January, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Gabriel Tolliver. Harris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Life of Roger Wolcott. Lawrence. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00 net.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.20 net.
6. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Life of Roger Wolcott. Lawrence. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00 net.
3. Hale's Memories. Hale. (Macmillan.) $5.00 net.
4. New France and New England. Fisk. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.65 net.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.20 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
4. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
5. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.20 net.
6. The Book of Joyous Children. Riley. (Scribner.) $1.20 net.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His

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Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Last Word. MacGowan. (Page.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
4. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Essays. Fiske. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
5. Battle of the Slums. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
6. Memories of a Hundred Years. Hale. (Macmillan.) $5.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) 75 cents.
3. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.08.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.08.
5. Lavender and Old Lace. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.08.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
3. Gods Out of Doors. Quayle. (Jennings & Pye) $1.75.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.59.
6. { Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
   Writings of John James Ingalls. Ingalls. (Hudson & Kimberly.) Cloth, $2.50; buckram, $3.00; 1/2 leather, $3.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
5. The Adventures of Torqua. Holden. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.20 net.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Captured Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
6. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Essays. Fiske. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
5. Furniture of the Olden Times. Morse. (Macmillan.) $3.00.
6. New England and Its Neighbours. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Bayou Triste. Nicholls. (Barnes.) $1.50.
2. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00
3. Napoleon Jackson. Stuart. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Prince Silverwings. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.75.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.00.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Shadow of the Czar. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. Barbara Ladd. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Bridge of the Gods. Balch. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Two Islands. Condon. (Gill.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Oregon Literature. Horner. (Gill.) $1.00.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Cynic's Calendar. Hereford. (Elder & Shepard.) 75 cents net.
2. The Seedy Gentleman. Robertson. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
3. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
4. The Philosophy of Despair. Jordan. (Elder & Shepard.) 75 cents net.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. An old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
5. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
   Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Book of Joyous Children. Riley. (Scribner.) $1.20.
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (The Westminster Co.) $1.25.

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2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son. Lorimer. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Copp-Clarke Co.) $2.00.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) $.75.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Morang Co.) $1.50. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Copp-Clarke Co.) $1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Captured Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Furniture of the Olden Times. Morse. (Macmillan.) $3.00.
4. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. Essays. Fiske. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
6. Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday. Earl. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

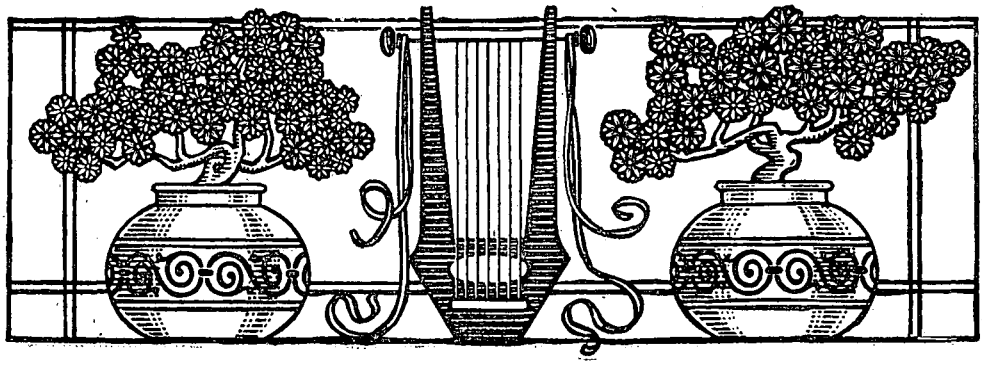
From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	" "	"		8
" "	3d	" "	"		7
" "	4th	" "	"		6
" "	5th	" "	"		5
" "	6th	" "	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50	210
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	192
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	185
4. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00	80
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00	65
6. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25	61



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